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The BYSTANDER

Art, Literature & the Drama.

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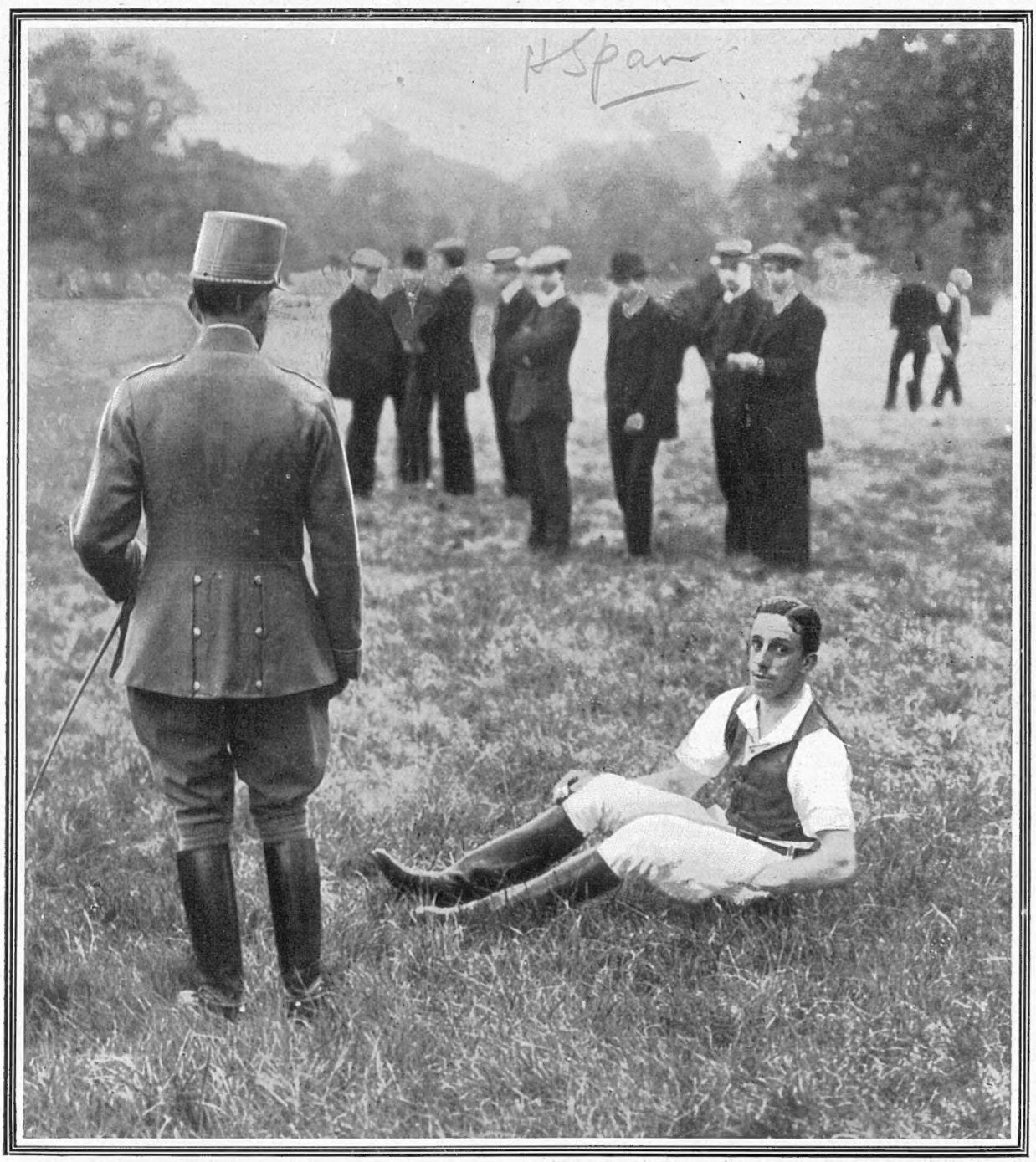

Photograph *Sport and General*

ALFONSO AL FRESCO

King Alfonso resting on the grass after a game of polo at Eaton Hall where he was last week the guest of the Duke of Westminster. His Majesty greatly distinguished himself in the tournament

ENTERTAINMENTS.

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THE FATE OF A CROWN. By S. Staunton. (Ward, Lock: 6s.)
THE PERFIDIOUS LYDIA. By F. Barrett. (Chatto and Windus: 6s.)
THE ROMANCE OF THE OXFORD COLLEGES. By Francis Gribble. (Mills and Boon: 6s.)
LYING LIPS. By William Le Queux. (Stanley, Paul.)
THE CHEERFUL KNAVE. By Keble Howard. (Stanley, Paul: 6s.)
THE MARRIAGE RING. By F. J. Cox. (Stanley, Paul: 6s.)
A ROYAL CAVALIER. By Mrs. Stuart Erskine. (Eveleigh Nash: 15s. net.)
A CORNER OF SPAIN. By Walter Wood. (Eveleigh Nash: 5s. net.)
THE FAVOURITES OF HENRY OF NAVARRE. By "Le Petit Homme Rouge." (Chatto and Windus: 7s. 6d. net.)
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At Balmoral

BALMORAL is, it seems, to become once more the favourite holiday haunt of Royalty. "This house is small but pretty," wrote its discoverer, Queen Victoria, to her "dearest uncle," Leopold of Belgium, exactly sixty-two years ago. "The scenery is very wild and solitary, and yet *cheerful* and *beautifully* wooded. The soil is the driest and best known anywhere. We have grouse, black-cock, and ptarmigan. . . . The boys always wear Highland dress." And six years later, again to King Leopold, to whom Her Majesty addressed a bi-weekly epistle, the Queen writes of "my loved, beautiful Highlands and mountains," and describes how, "in Highland fashion," she caused a bonfire to be lit on the hill opposite in celebration of the fall of Sebastopol. Her Majesty grieved greatly every time she had to leave the place, and her uncle duly sends his slightly sarcastic condolences. "I can well understand that it grieves you to leave the Highlands," he writes. "It is not a great proof of the happiness of human kind that all love to be elsewhere than at the place where *their real residence is*, notwithstanding all songs of home, sweet home!"

"Mr. Brown"

Writing some years later from Balmoral, the Queen asks to be excused a long letter "as this is our last day here, alas!" and not a minute must be wasted. "I have been out every day," she writes, "at about twelve or half-past, our luncheon carried in a basket on the back of a Highlander, and served by an *invaluable* Highland servant I have, who is my *factotum* here, and takes the most *wonderful* care of me, combining the offices of groom, footman, page, and even *maid*, I might almost say, as he is *so* handy about cloaks and shawls, etc. *Such* a good, handy, *faithful*, attached servant I have nowhere; it is quite a sorrow for me to leave him behind.—Your devoted niece, VICTORIA R." But it was not every braw Highlander that met with Her Majesty's approval, the natives on a certain loch further north having once given deep offence to the Queen by sending word one Sabbath Day, when she had intimated her wish to go for a row on the lake, that "All the week they were at Her Majesty's service, but on the Sabbath they could serve only the King of Kings."

The King and his Two Eldest Sons (the Prince of Wales and Prince Albert) Arrive at Ballater

King George, on his first visit to Scotland since his Accession, received a warm welcome from the people who live near his Highland home

Modern Monarchy

One of the great Queen's favourite maxims—in those days, put it only in the form of a maxim, and nothing was too banal, too silly to be taken seriously; obvious inaccuracies such as "It never rains but it pours," or "Better late than never," being invariably considered as somehow sacrosanct—was that which designates "uneasy" the head that wears the Crown. By the fierce light that beats on modern monarchs we know better nowadays, and find it, as a matter of fact, difficult to bring to mind anything *less* uneasy than the majority of the heads that now wear crowns. So altogether unruffled, indeed, was the late King by his Royal responsibilities that he abjured even the appearance of solemnity once considered indispensable to the proper carriage of monarchy, and it is the same with all that younger school of monarchs who now rule Europe—they lead their own lives, simple or otherwise, and any uneasiness ascribed to them exists, as a rule, entirely in the imagination of the onlooker.

"Lest We Forget"

Once again comes Death to remind us of great deeds done and in danger of being forgotten. Florence Nightingale was a name so deeply written in history that the majority were ignorant of the fact that she still lived. The nature of her heroic work was so simply understood that few of us had troubled to know the full details of it. The obituaries now written have thrilled us, and compelled tears to well up in unwilling eyes. The sufferings relieved by this astounding woman, who combined feminine sympathy with masculine strength of mind and body, are incredible at this time of day. Thank heaven, ghastly as the next war may be, we shall never witness a repetition of the horrors of the Crimea. Nevertheless, it is good to be reminded that they did exist, if only because they produced a Florence Nightingale, and in her an example of what woman can do for the world, *without* the vote. Will Suffragettes please note? (A portrait of Miss Nightingale, drawn in 1856, is presented with this issue.)

The Sunny Spains

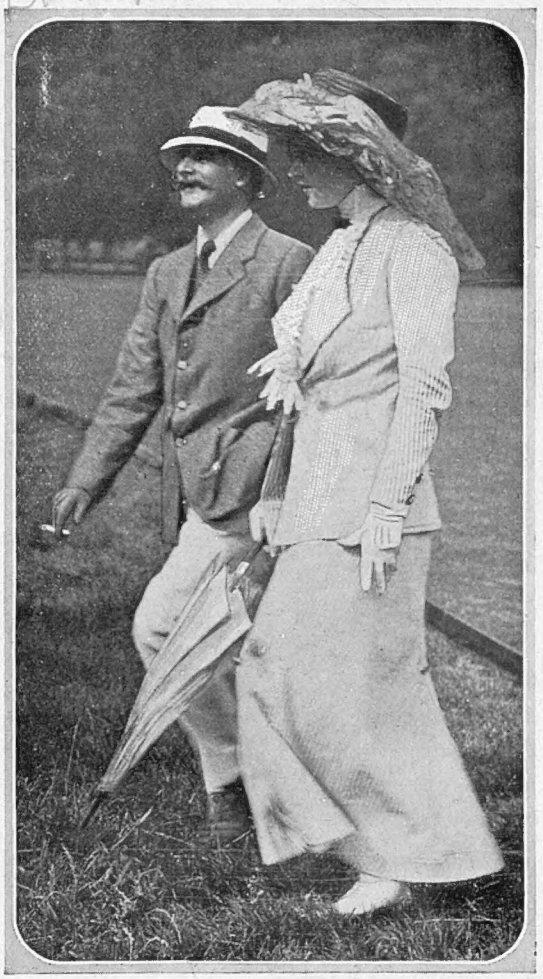
Did ever monarchs breathe so entirely unencumbered with cares and responsibilities as their Majesties of Spain? They both overflow with high spirits—witness their rapt enjoyment of the child's play at the Westminsters' gymkhana last week—(games and practical jokes and such-like are inevitable and invariable items in an Eaton Hall house-party)—and the Queen's gay laugh, which shows all her splendid teeth, is the talk of Paris still; while the King—well, if the King would only rule Spain as well and as gleefully as he plays games and runs Gretna Green races with my Lady Castlereagh, Spain would, surely, in less than no time, come almost to her own again. The Queen's clothes, too, for all her prematurely matronly appearance, argue rather the joy of life than any undue uneasiness as to crowns and things. Over here, Her Majesty is, of course, in deep mourning, but her hats were appreciated even in Paris—the home of wonderful hats—and are monumental creations not in the least associated with our home ideas of Royalty, while her frocks are always charming, and were also, I hear, entirely approved in Paris.

Spain's Progress

Altogether typical of his Spanish Majesty's energetic way of living life is the record of the first hour or two of the Royal visit to Eaton last week. In order that not a moment's time should be lost there was no formal reception of their Majesties at the house, and the Duke and Duchess of Westminster (the latter in great good looks after her year of retirement) met the Royal party on their arrival at the station. They arrived at Waverton Station at exactly 2.58, after which King Alfonso, talking all the time, as his habit is, and smoking those black-avised cigarettes of his, the afternoon ran along, apparently, something like this:

3. 0. Leave station.
3.15. Arrive Eaton Hall (three miles from station).
3.45. King effects a complete change of clothes.
4. 0. Arrives on polo-ground (quarter of a mile from house).
4.10. Changes into polo rig.
4.15. First game of polo (scores two goals).
4.45. Tea.
5. 0. Second game of polo.
5.30. Third ditto (scores another goal).

A record two-hour hustle, which it is doubtful even His Majesty's ducal host, himself an adept in that line, could, at his best, surpass.



The Right Hon. George Wyndham at Eaton Hall Polo Grounds last week

Mr. Wyndham, who played the part of a gorgeously attired toreador in the mock bull-fight arranged to entertain King Alfonso, is one of the possible Conservative leaders of the future

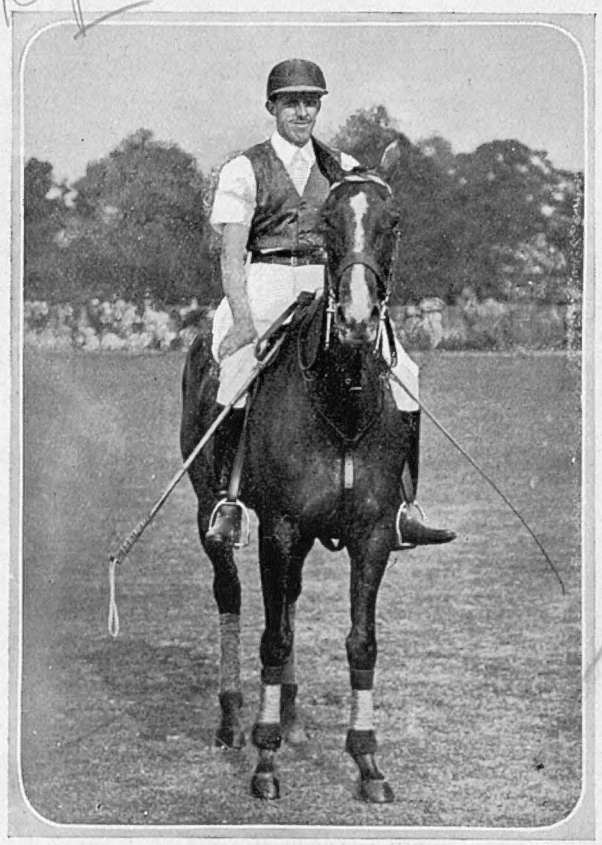
At Eaton Hall

The Duke of Westminster entertains in princely fashion, as becomes a gay young man without a care in the world, and—as most important landlord in the most important city in the world—more thousands a week than he can possibly spend in a month. Eaton was built for entertaining. When only the family is in residence it resides in the most spacious comfort in one of the smaller wings; it cost a million sterling to complete, took thirteen years in the making, and is, of course, full to overflowing of all those treasures—pictures, tapestries, rare books, and *bijouterie*—which only unlimited money can buy. A large "young" house-party was invited to meet the Spanish monarch and his Queen, the guests including the brothers Miller, of polo fame, with their wives, Lord and Lady Crichton, the latter still confined to her bath-chair, but looking very nice therein, Lord and Lady Castlereagh, Lord Stafford, Lord Shrewsbury, Lord and Lady Herbert, and Lady Grosvenor, the Duke's mother.

The Scottish Season

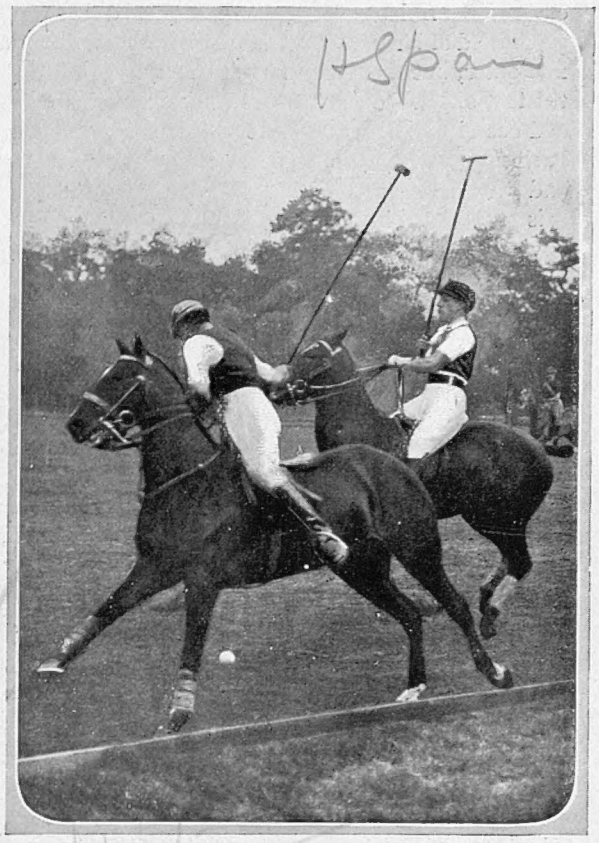
The *haute finance*, or, as Mr. Galsworthy would say, business men — those incredible people—are very well represented indeed on the published lists of those fortunate ones who have rented Scottish shootings for the season, and there is even—in the person of the very prosperous Mr. Seymour Hicks — the stage this year up in Scotland with a gun. Mr. Raphael, the bullion merchant, Sir Alfred Mond, Mr. Breitmayer, Mr. Sigismund Neumann, who lives in Lord Townshend's ancestral Elizabethan home while the Marquis himself languishes in a Maidenhead villa, Sir Thomas Glen Coats, Sir John Dewar, Mr. Levita, Mr. Hirsch, Lords Cowdray and Pirrie, and Mr. Arthur James are just a few of the great *commerçants* busy just now in the centre of the social universe, and the list could hardly be completed without adding thereto the names of two American financiers, Mr. Bradley Martin, the father-in-law of Lord Craven, and Mr. W. K. Vanderbilt, who, doubtless in the hope of getting rid of a little money somehow, has taken no fewer than three deer forests, in addition to Lord Lovat's Beaufort Castle and shootings.

The Diversion of a Modern King



King Alfonso of Spain in Polo Rig

One is tempted to wonder what some of his illustrious forebears, such sticklers for regal dignity, would think of this as a costume for a King



King Alfonso Following Up

His Majesty's horsemanship is superb, and the daring of his play is the admiration of all who can appreciate good polo. He held his own at Eaton with some of the best players of the world

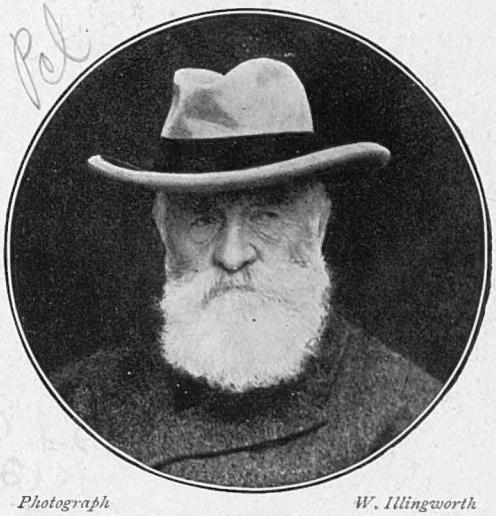
Photograph *Sport and General*

The Queen of Spain (right) and the Duchess of Westminster Watch their Husbands Play Polo

The staple part of the entertainment provided by the Duke of Westminster for his guest, the King of Spain, consisted of polo, a game of which the Spanish monarch is exceedingly fond. Another *divertissement* consisted of a mock bull-fight, in which Captain the Hon. A. Stanley and Lord Herbert played with great verve the hind-quarters and head respectively of the savage taurus. The Duke of Westminster, the Earl of Shrewsbury and Mr. George Wyndham were among the toreadors, and their comic antics convulsed their Spanish Majesties

The Actor-Aviator

It is very rarely that an actor of renown deserts the stage to be successful in a different sphere. I recall a case of a brilliant young comedian who became a priest, and of a recalcitrant monk who became an excellent actor, but there is, I should think, no parallel for the feat of Mr. Robert Loraine. The art of acting—and occasionally it is treated as an art and not as a business—demands no special virility in its devotees, and the hour at which it is practised, with many obviously unhealthy appurtenances, does not conduce to the physical fitness of the performer. But Mr. Loraine has tossed aside sock, buskin, and grease-paint and secured instantaneous success at a profession that a year or so ago was regarded as exclusively the preserve of those who dream dreams. The physical fitness of the aviator is his *sine quâ non*. Loraine, by his wonderful flights, has shown himself an eagle among hawks, and has inspired his colleagues of the theatre to contemplate the abandonment of the milder athletic pursuit of club-lounging and reflect on higher things.



Photograph *W. Illingworth*

The Late Earl Spencer, K.G.

He had been in his time Irish Viceroy and First Lord of the Admiralty. He was a first-rate horseman, and an ardent hunter and shot

The Silly Season

We have now entered upon that dread period of the year known as the Silly Season. I am anxious to know what the great dailies are going to inflict upon us this year. I see signs of a "Divorce" argument taking place in the *Daily Telegraph*, and what will the *Daily Mail* have in store for us? If it is to be Prison Reform and the treatment of the criminal, it will have made a much-needed return to the "humanities," in which I shall heartily congratulate my contemporary. Thank goodness, we shall be spared sensational stories from Marienbad *viâ* the Austrian and German newspapers.

Photograph *Lafayette*

The New Earl Spencer

Formerly Viscount Althorp, Lord Chamberlain. He was half-brother to the late Earl

The Dublin Horse Show

The great Horse Show at Dublin is just upon us, and promises to be an unusually good one; but hope has before now told a flattering tale, has it not? And after the gloomy functions of the past London season I am doubtful about everything that is to take place this year. However, I will cheer up. Things may, perhaps, be brighter in the Irish capital than we have any idea of. I should, in the first place, strongly advise anyone attending the Horse Show for the first time to secure rooms well in advance. Many a sad story is told of unfortunate people who have arrived at the depressing hour of six o'clock in the morning being unable to find sleeping accommodation in dear, dirty Dublin. The chief hotels, they tell me, are already booked up, and private houses have been letting well, and so have apartments in all parts of the city. There are, of course, delightful places outside Dublin, such as Malahide, Bray, and Kingstown, but hotel accommodation is not only very scarce, but very dear, and you must expect to pay Ritz and Carlton prices for the most meagre rooms and fare.

Semi-State at Ball's Bridge

The Show opens at Ball's Bridge on Tuesday next, the 23rd, and lasts for four days. The opening day is a sort of private view, and Society does not turn up at it in such numbers as on the second and third days, when Lord and Lady Aberdeen and their guests from the Viceregal Lodge will grace the Show grounds by driving up to the Grand Stand in semi-State with an escort of cavalry—if any are left over from the manœuvres. On these semi-State days it is usual for men to appear in all the glory of a tall hat and tail coat, and the ladies—well, you should see them. Solomon at his best was not arrayed half so magnificently. The large show-ring wants some beating, I can assure you. It is far finer than the Olympia Show, with its paper flowers and painted scenery. The Irish nobility attend the Show in full force, and next week I warrant you will see such fine folk as Lord and Lady Waterford, Lord and Lady Headfort, Lord and Lady Mayo, Lord and Lady Clonbrock, Lord and Lady Fingall, Lord and Lady Iveagh, Lord and Lady Bandon, Lady Holmpatrick, Lord and Lady Ardilaun, and possibly Lady Carew, Lady Limerick, Lady Armath, Lady Annette la Touche, and—but, stay, I think I have told you enough to show how smart the Show will be.

Hectic Times Ahead

Many Saxons are going over the Irish Sea to see the Show, such as the Duke of Westminster, Sir William and Lady Noreen Bass, and, may be, Lord and Lady Ashby St. Ledgers. I hear of much entertaining during the great week. For instance, Lady Iveagh is credited with the intention of giving a garden-party at Farmleigh and also a ball-dance. Then there are the chances of a "beano," as the vulgar say, in the grounds of the Viceregal Lodge; and how we shall all rush to it in our Sunday best. Tall hats that seldom see the light of day are unearthed for a Viceregal garden-

All the Air's a Stage

MR. ROBERT LORAINE, ACTOR AND AERONAUT

Even prior to the aerial feats of Mr. Loraine there was some reason to adapt the ancient adage as at the head of this page, if only because of the theatrical character of the feats accomplished in the air and, some say, the theatrical manner of the men who essayed them. But Mr. Loraine is the first actor to perform in space, and, it is whispered, there is no small jealousy of him in dramatic circles. Mr. Charles Sykes in his border goes so far as to suggest that emulation is probable by even the greatest dramatic celebrities

party, and Sackville and Grafton Streets are ransacked for the latest Parisian-Dublin novelties.

A Warning Whisper

Rumour has it that there will be a charity ball in the Irish capital, and it is quite on the cards that there may be revelling at the Royal Hospital. There will be racing at Leopardstown and also at the Phœnix Park Club, and, moreover, wonderful polo, with Dukes and other grandees participating, will take place almost every afternoon, but the great match of the week will be on Saturday afternoon. One more whisper in your shell-like ear, gentle visitor. Don't, oh! don't forget to secure your sleeping-berth at Euston if you intend travelling by night, neither forget to order a berth on the steam-packet, as the beautiful mail boats were formerly called.

The Scare-itorials

When the Scare-itorials were being raised—I mean when *An Englishman's Home* and the *Daily Mail* were frightening everybody into immediately joining Mr. Haldane's army—THE BYSTANDER earned the execration, which is ever the lot of the truth-teller, by pointing out that so harum-scarum an army could hardly prove of any abiding value as a defensive arm. We have now reached the second year of training, and the *Daily Mail* itself laments the inefficiency and poor powers of endurance of the scare-recruit. It is true he served his purpose, and enabled Mr. Haldane to claim success for his experiment; but, oh, the awakening of the morning after! Was it worth abolishing the Volunteers to produce the Fed-Upper, the existence of whom the *Mail* has divulged to a horrified country, and to whom THE BYSTANDER begs, on the page opposite, to give pictorial form?

A King's Partner: The Viscountess Castlereagh (right)
Her ladyship took part in the gymkhana held on the Eaton Hall polo grounds last week, and with His Majesty of Spain as her partner, secured second place in the Gretna Green race. With her in the picture is Lady Beatrice Herbert

What Will Come of It?

Far be it from me to decry the intrinsic soundness of the scheme, or the keenness and efficiency of a large proportion of the Territorials. The trouble is that the general physique and *moral* of the town-bred Englishman is utterly inadequate to the training which is absolutely necessary for the efficiency of the force. The mistake was made by those who failed from the first to realise this obvious fact, and the crime was committed by those who, by melodramatic scaremongering, filled the force with weaklings. It is insanity to suppose that by drilling the poor, pent-up clerk and shopman during the holiday which he needs for rest and the best of food and fresh air and amusement we are going to combat a trained Continental Army. To do that, we must be prepared to *begin at the beginning*; to catch our Territorial when he is at school. Dislike Conscription as we may, it is a policy to some form of which England is being forced, and the sooner we face that ghastly fact the better—and the less expensive. But, if it come, it must be introduced with serpentine subtlety. To force it on the people unprepared would lead to revolution and ruin.

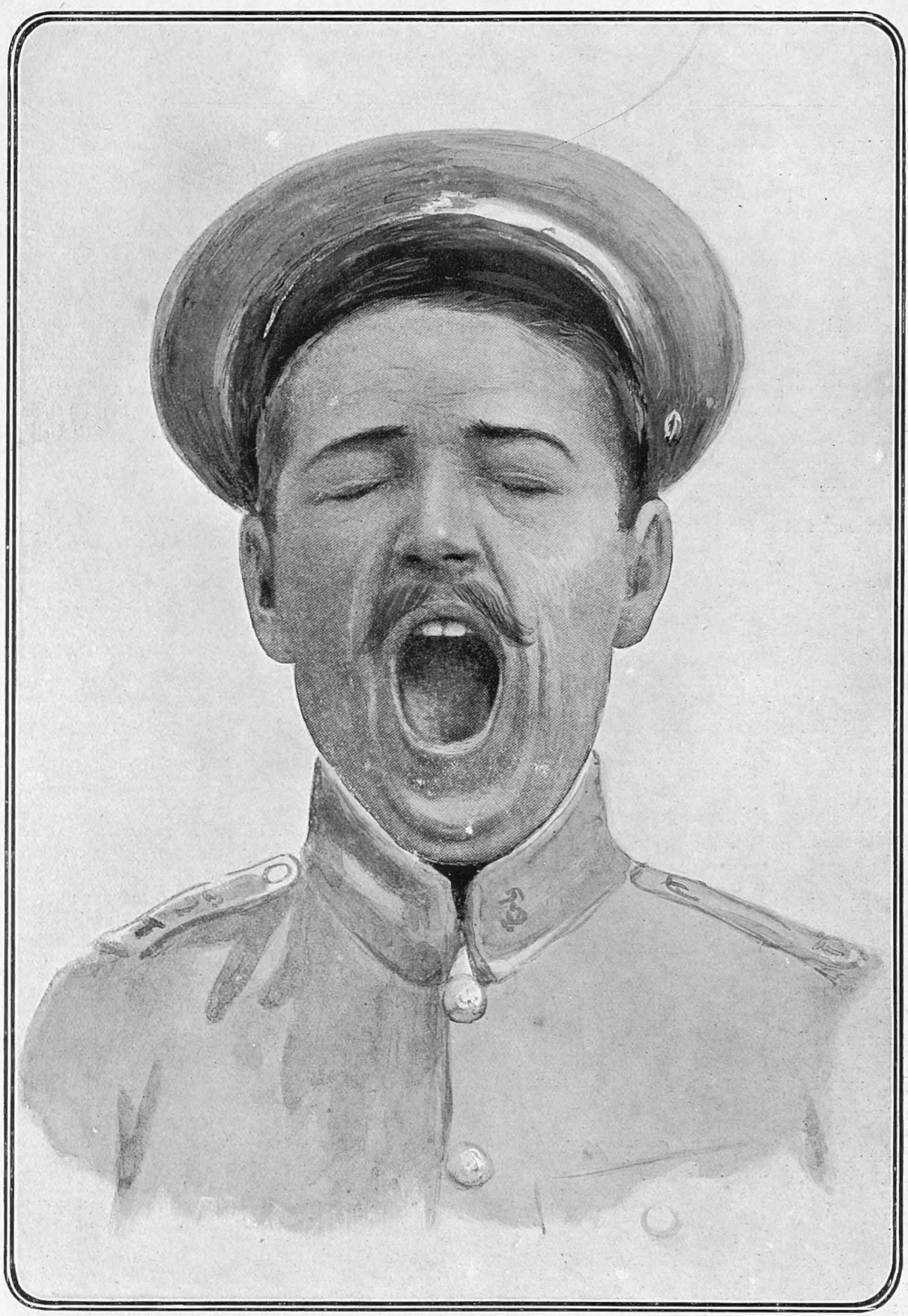
This Week's Wonders

They are wondering at the family grouse-party. They are wondering at the possibilities of the unedifying libel case. They are wondering why she was not included in the polo-party. They are wondering at the very convenient indisposition. They are wondering whether the Earl and Countess really were photographed on the steps of the Gloster. They are wondering at the hurried departure from Cowes; and whether his name will be removed from all Court functions in future.

A Picturesque Frolic at Blickling Hall, Norfolk

Blickling Hall, Norfolk, the birthplace of Anne Boleyn, was last week the scene of a charming open-air play, written round the myth of "Narcissus" by Mr. Nugent Monck. The scene depicted above is the finale of the play, the whole company winding away in single file in a merry dance

"Fed-Up"



PORTRAIT OF AN ENGLISHMAN ON HIS WAY BACK HOME AFTER ONE WEEK'S TRAINING IN THE TERRITORIALS

[We congratulate that Force on the fact that he is the exception and not the rule.—Editor]

PUBLIC SCHOOL SHORTCOMINGS

BY AN OLD BOY

WHY do parents send their sons to a Public School? This is not a conundrum. There is no prize for the answer. It is, however, a problem that is occupying me just now. The circumstances under which it has arisen are as follows: Last week, after an absence abroad of twenty years, I paid a visit to the Public School where my boyhood had been spent, and where I happened to have a young nephew. The school is one of the "great" ones, and is regarded as being among the best of its kind. There are close on six hundred boys on the books, and the fees (swollen by inevitable "extras") average somewhere about £150 per head per annum. Thus it will be readily admitted that the establishment occupies an important position. Nobody doubts this. What I want to get at, however, is how far this important position is justified.

Let me set forth my experience.

Too Many Holidays

While living abroad I had heard a great deal of the vast changes that had lately taken place in the English Public School system. Everything in connection therewith was, so I gathered, altered for the better. The old abuses had vanished entirely. A new and enlightened *régime* marked the administration throughout, and, in short, there was now nothing whatever that left cause for complaint. It sounded almost too good to be true. Still, I believed it. I have a simple nature.

The result of my visit, however, was a series of shocks to this belief. The first one occurred as I reached the well-remembered entrance-gates and asked the porter where I should find my nephew.

"He'll be in the playing-fields, sir, along with the other young gentlemen," was the response.

"Playing-fields!" I echoed. "What is he doing there? This is Thursday afternoon."

"Yes, sir, Thursday half-holiday, sir; Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays are half-holidays in the summer term."

"And Sundays, too, I suppose?"

The man looked at me pityingly. He seemed to think I had come from the county asylum.

"Oh, yes, sir, of course."

H'm! Four afternoons in the week when not a stroke of work is done! A fairly liberal allowance, this.

Disappointed Hopes

Before I went off to the cricket-ground, however, I stopped to explore the buildings. Here, I promised myself, I would see the host of much-needed improvements of which I had heard. Spacious, airy class-rooms, comfortably furnished studies and dormitories, properly fitted-up bathrooms, a well-stocked library, a good kitchen, and a dining-hall that really served its purpose would all doubtless have been instituted since my day. Certainly they were then very badly wanted.

I began by peeping into the third form class-room. It looked exactly the same as when I had known it twenty years earlier. A few fly-blown maps hung on the dingy walls, the ceiling was blackened by smoke, and the windows were so high up that the place was in half darkness. A small boy, sitting at one of the desks, engaged in writing busily, attracted my attention.

"Why aren't you playing cricket?" I inquired.

"Got an impot to finish," was the reply. "It's 300 lines for nipping down to the village to get a stamp. The post-office is out of bounds. I say, shall I show you over the place?"

Ancient Equipment

I accepted the offer, and, with Smith minor for a guide, continued my tour. It was rather depressing, and at every step I dropped an illusion. The vaunted improvements were all conspicuous by their absence. The clock appeared to have stood still in every department. A sanitary inspector who knew his business would have condemned the bathrooms at sight; the studies resembled rabbit-hutches, and I learned that the occupants were still compelled, as in my day, to purchase candles in order to light them properly; the alleged library resolved itself into a small room with a couple of hundred tattered and uninteresting volumes on its shelves, and not a single chair or table—only hard forms and sloping desks; and the kitchen-range looked as though it had come out of the ark, with the result that the food was always ill-cooked and cold before it reached the dining-hall.

In the pavilion I discovered my young nephew. He apologised for not meeting me, and explained that leave for the purpose had been refused by his form-master. When I inquired why, he could only say it was "the rule."

Unappetising Food

We spent half an hour watching the progress of a cricket match. Then, as time was getting on, I suggested going back to the station.

"I'll show you a short cut," volunteered my young relative. "You go across the fields, and then turn down by that house at the corner."

"Thank you."

"The tuck-shop is close by. You can't miss it," he added naïvely.

I took the hint, and let the ingenuous youth lead me to this establishment. His performance there filled me with wonder.

"What did you have for dinner?" I demanded, when he presently paused for breath.

"Resurrection-pie. We always do on Thursdays."

"And what else?"

"Rice pudding."

(Continued on page 324)

A Recent Engagement

Photograph *Rita Martin*

Miss Wemyss, daughter of Lady Lilian Wemyss and the late Mr. Wemyss, of Wemyss and Torrie, who is engaged to Mr. Owain Greaves, eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. E. Greaves

"If you go back to tea, what will you have then?"

"Bread and scrape. Of course, we can have extras, if we like to buy them. At the beginning of each term we get up grub funds. That is, the fellows who sit together subscribe five bob each to buy cake and jam. It doesn't last, though, much beyond the middle of term. Thanks. I wasn't hinting for a tip. Still, it's awfully decent of you."

As I strolled back to the station I thought over the visit. The more I did so the less favourably inclined did I become to the system I had just investigated. It was all wrong. Not enough work, senseless punishments, petty restrictions, unappetising food, and bad accommodation. A fortress of pedantry, in short, with a system founded on ignorance and fenced about with walls of crass prejudice and foolish superstition! Surely, a Public School should be something better than this?

Education or—What?

Take first the question of work. What does one get? Approximately, four months holidays and eight months of term. In this eight months of term, however, no fewer than eighty-four afternoons are devoted to sport. If the idea of a Public School is primarily to turn out professional cricketers and footballers, this, of course, would be all very well. But it is not so—except in the pedagogic mind. At any rate, every parent I have consulted tells me that he sends his sons to school primarily to be educated. It is for this that he pays heavy fees. Yet the education is of such little value that only the very smallest percentage of those who receive it can scrape through any sort of examination without first going to a crammer's. If the vaunted Public School system of tuition were worth anything no crammer could keep his doors open for a week. There would be nothing for him to do. Apropos of this foolish fetish of sport, I find such an acknowledged authority as Mr. A. C. Benson declaring that, at places like Eton, so infatuated are masters and boys with it that the balance and proportion of life and mind are there lost altogether. Dr. Gray, the Warden of Bradfield, is equally emphatic. "It is not so much," he writes, "that too large a fraction of the academic time is given up to amusement, but rather that the mass of the working hours is given to thinking of amusement."

There you have it in a nutshell. Half the masters and three-parts of the boys do nothing and think nothing but cricket and football. Upon my word, I really believe that if some school were boldly to advertise "no games," it would fill a felt want.

"Spirit" for £150 p.a.

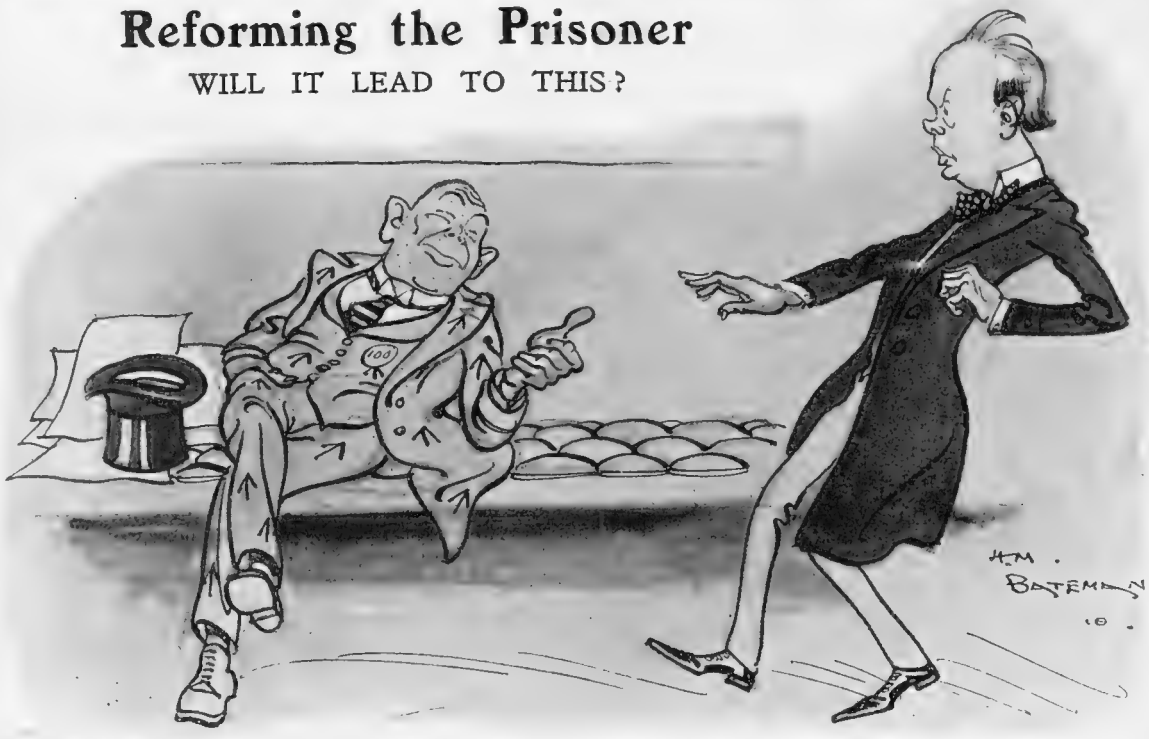
On the return journey to Town I happened to share a carriage with one of the house-masters. I expressed some of my views to him—modestly, of course, as is my way—but, like all his class, he would not hear a word against the system. Prejudice and smug self-satisfaction met me at every turn. It was disheartening. When I inquired point-blank what practical benefit the average boy derived from going to a Public School he merely glared.

"Well," he said at last, seeing that I meant to have an answer, "they cultivate a sturdy English spirit. That's what good it does them."

It would have done them much more good, I thought, if they cultivated a little common sense. Fortunately, however, I refrained from saying so. There is such a thing as tact. My companion might not have liked it. Besides, he was bigger than I. H. W.

Reforming the Prisoner

WILL IT LEAD TO THIS?



The Home Secretary, having lain the foundations of his Prison Reform Scheme, has gone off big-game shooting in Asia Minor. The vision occurs to us of his returning from some similar prolonged holiday of the future to find, on the Treasury Bench, a Frankenstein monster of his own creation. An ex-convict, thanks to the mind-improving influences of a career in gaol, has been elected to Parliament by an East-End constituency, and is given, on the strength of it, a post in the Ministry—say the Under-Secretaryship to the Home Office itself!

BY H. M. BATEMAN

Mr. Punch Opens His Partridge Season

THE LEADING BRITISH CARTOONIST AND SOME OF HIS MOST RECENT DRAWINGS

NERVOUS WORK

PEER (*log.*): "Well, I suppose they'll go on missing me as usual; but I must say it's getting rather warm!"

A NEW LEASE OF LIFE

DR. ROSEBERY: "You're in a bad way, my friend. We must let a little of your blue blood. That'll make another man of you"

THE CONSTITUTION IN THE MELTING-POT

THE THREE WITCHES: "Double, double toil and trouble!"—*Macbeth*, Act IV., Scene 1

(Three of Mr. Partridge's most notable recent cartoons, reproduced by special permission of the Proprietors of "Punch")

MR. BERNARD PARTRIDGE

The famous "Punch" artist has stepped into the shoes vacated by the late Mr. Linley Sambourne. He is now unquestionably the leading British cartoonist of the day. Not yet fifty years of age, Mr. Partridge, who was educated at Stonyhurst, first had leanings towards a theatrical career. As Mr. Bernard Gould, he appeared in many West-End productions, but his success with brush and pen induced him to give up the stage. He first joined the staff of "Punch" in 1891, and his cartoons have always been distinguished by great beauty of draughtsmanship and clarity of design

THE LOOK OF THINGS

FROM A BYSTANDER'S POINT OF VIEW

THE King is to spend two months at Balmoral. This seems a capital plan, for, without being a thrilling spot, Balmoral will help to remind him what pleasant people the Scots are in their own country.

* * *

SO often they are not. I mean, of course, so often they are not in their own country.

* * *

IT is to be a very fair season for grouse and salmon, they say. And as the heather and the wee bit mist are certainties, Scotland should be very gay indeed this year.

* * *

TWO celebrities are stated to be booked for China at the end of the year. One is the Crown Prince of Germany and the other is Mr. Roosevelt. They should both come back with the infectious Chinese smile.

* * *

WHILE in the Celestial country Mr. Roosevelt should be able to bring the maxims of Confucius up to date, and give some hints on the governing of Tibet. If Kermit goes too, there will, no doubt, be some pleasant pictures of Mr. Roosevelt growing a pig-tail, Mr. Roosevelt trying to outsmile a mandarin, Mr. Roosevelt having his feet compressed, but not until he has put both of them well into things. *Et cetera.*

* * *

NOBODY seems quite to know why the Crown Prince is going East, but the German papers say it is because German interests lie that way. China is, of course, the home of the edible dog.

* * *

INDIA is also to be visited by the Crown Prince. The freedom of the Bengali Press as compared with that of Germany should prove a revelation to the distinguished traveller.

* * *

CHIEF firemen in Germany have now been given the much-prized privilege of wearing a sword, and citizens henceforward who decline to leap from burning houses on the official word of command will, presumably, be cut down without mercy.

The Best School for Fiction

EDITOR: "Yes, that last bit of fiction you wrote for me was about the best thing I ever read. By the way, where did you learn to write like that?"

RISING AUTHOR: "Well, you see, I was a clerk in a land agent's office, and he used to make me write up descriptions of the properties for intending purchasers!"

BY G. WILSON

PARENTS' education in this country is proceeding apace. According to Dr. Kerr, medical officer to the London County Council Education Authority, numbers of little boys and girls save up their money to buy toothbrushes for their parents.

* * *

THESE are given as birthday presents, together with—perhaps—a ha'porth of precipitated chalk as tooth-powder. It is a nice idea, but one cannot but fear that—with so many rough parents about—it results occasionally in a precipitated child.

* * *

DR. KERR, in his report for the year, also criticises the old methods of teaching children to write. "The essential element," he says, "in learning writing is the hand and arm movement." Surely there is nothing new in this? The old teachers had practically the same idea — first, of course, putting the child across their knees.

* * *

ACCORDING to the *Daily Chronicle*, Mr. John Burns cycled to the park at Peckham Rye a few days ago, and there explained, "for the benefit of a small crowd that had gathered, that a loganberry which had just been planted was a cross between a blackberry and a raspberry." A statesmanlike speech.

* * *

AVIATION at Lanark must have been fine, judging from the reports of the *Daily Telegraph's* special correspondent. Here is an incident: "As the Lord Provost of Glasgow and myself watched the airmen chase each other around the arena from the timekeeper's box the monoplanes looked like racing dog-fishes hunting the slower flat-fish."

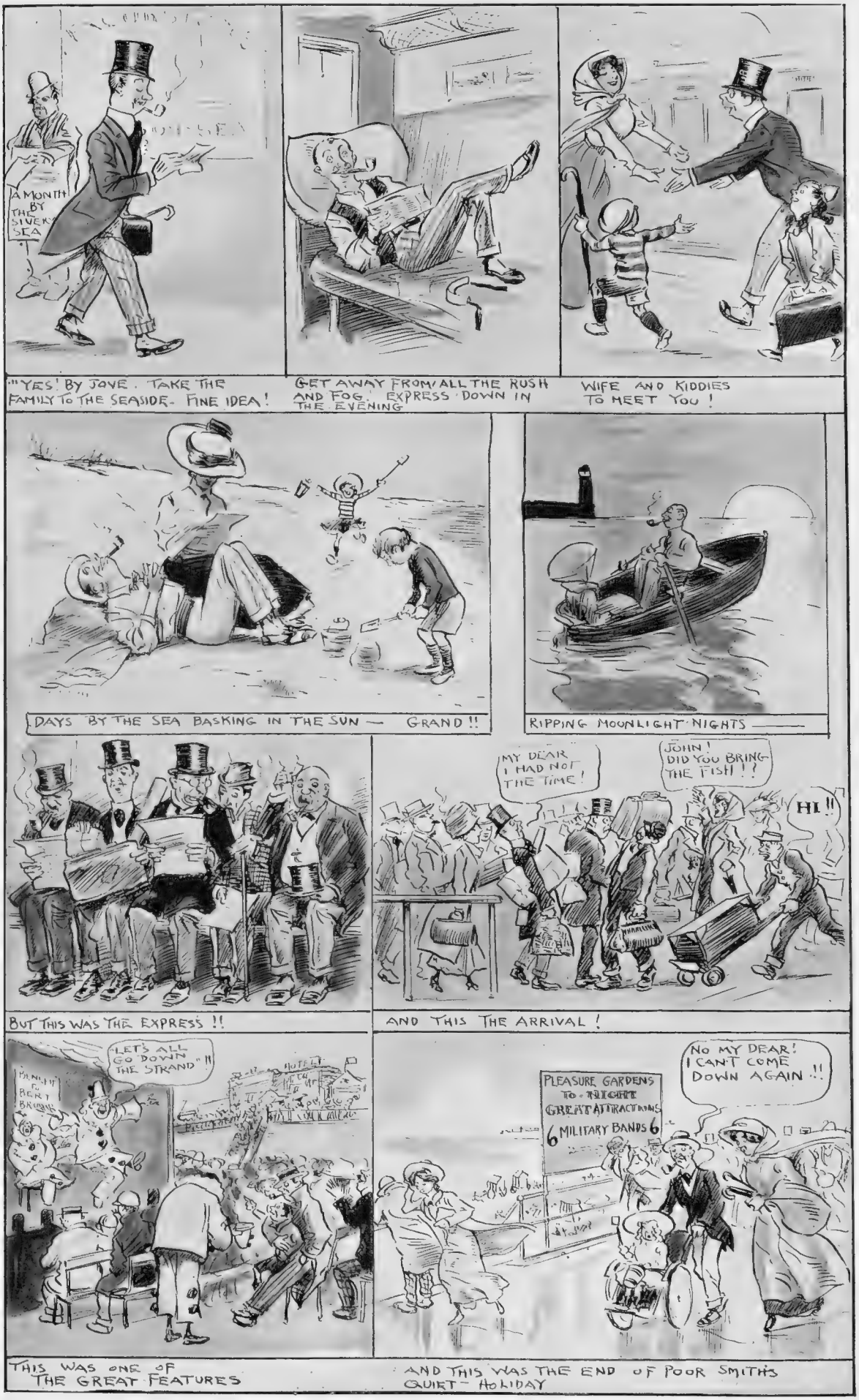
* * *

BUT was it really safe for the aviators to start from the timekeeper's box, especially with that distinguished pair watching?

* * *

LORD KITCHENER'S gift of silence should gain him a high reputation at golf, though one can well believe that some caddies would prefer, when he misses a stroke, to hear the most voluble language rather than to see him just not saying anything.

The Ideal—and the Real—Holiday



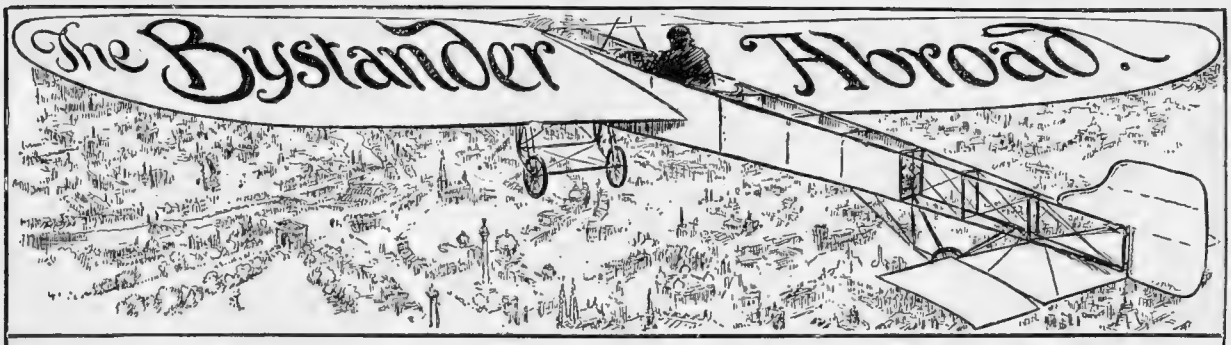
BY NORMAN MORROW

United They Stand

NAVAL OFFICERS OF THREE EMPIRES TOAST EACH OTHER AT PORTSMOUTH

Photograph *Cribb*

Our photographer, again with an eye to political suggestion, has here succeeded in assembling together on board the Japanese warship, "Ikoma," three officers of once hostile, but now friendly, indirectly allied Empires, England, Russia, and Japan, and inducing them to drink a toast in his presence. We hope that the toast is symbolical not only of perpetual peace between the enemies of yesterday, but of active co-operation in that cause to-morrow. England is now the connecting link between Japan and Russia, being allied with the one and in cordial *entente* with the other Let those who would break the peace of the seas thus foreshadowed be duly careful!



King Alfonso's Absence from Spain: His Interview with M. Briand: The Probable Upshot of the Spanish Trouble: The German Crown Prince and India

King Alfonso's Indiscretion

During the Franco-Prussian War the Emperor Napoleon III. wrote to his lovely Consort for advice. Her reply, which was given without hesitation, was this, "Your place is at the head of your army." One cannot help wishing that King Alfonso of Spain might have listened to similar advice. That he should have left his country at such a critical moment even his admirers find it hard to believe. In this twentieth century, when the *métier* of monarch is universally recognised as the hardest of all to execute, it does not look well for King Alfonso to have left his country to get out of the difficulty as best it can, whilst he is busy yachting at Cowes. The general impression, of course, is that he has fled for his life. It surely would have been a cruel irony of fate if this had been the case, and he had met an unromantic death on board Sir Thomas Lipton's yacht.

The Excuse

I have heard the King's conduct very unkindly criticised, even by Spaniards themselves. It hurts their *amour propre* that their beloved young Sovereign, who was for a little while the idol of Europe, should have appeared to have lost his nerve. That he who laughed at bombs and walked in the streets of Barcelona, in spite of the prayers of the nation that he should be careful, is beyond comprehension. "Well, but he is so young," suggest his friends, as they always do, to excuse him. "Yes, but it's time he was growing up," say his people now.

Photographs *Elliott and Fry*

Sir Vincent Corbett, K.C.V.O.

Who is to be British Minister at Munich. He has been Resident Minister in Venezuela since 1907

The Prime Minister's Request

One reason given for the King's absence from Spain at present is the influence of his Queen. This is an extraordinary exaggeration; for the Queen, much as she trembles for the King's's safety every time he leaves the Palace, has confined her influence to social and philanthropic works, and wisely does not interfere in matters which she does not understand. Never would she urge the King to neglect his duty. Nor would he listen to her if she did. It is said that the Queen-Mother lays the responsibility of the whole crisis at her daughter-in-law's feet; but this again is impossible. The real explanation of King Alfonso's departure, however, is not that he is afraid (he ran a far greater risk at the time of Ferrer's death), but that he has for once complied with his Prime Minister's request and not mixed himself up in a movement which must necessarily bring him unpopularity with one section or another of his people. By coming away he also incurs much disfavour, but there is more than a chance on his return he may do something to win back his popularity. Let us hope he may.

Sir George Buchanan, G.C.V.O., K.C.M.G., C.B.

To be British Ambassador at St. Petersburg. He has been Minister Plenipotentiary at The Hague since 1903

Spain and M. Briand

Although, as I said above, it seems regrettable that the King did not insist on staying at present in Spain, he has been criticised somewhat unfairly; for his position, it must be owned, is a very difficult one. That he should have had an interview with M. Briand on his way through Paris was considered indiscreet. M. Briand, who took such an active part in the separation of the Church and State in France, is sure to have discussed the Spanish crisis with the Spanish monarch. Possibly he did. Yet how could this interview have been avoided; how could a King call on the President

Photograph **Before Her Visit to England: An Interesting Snapshot** *Topical Agency*

Royal Sun Babies: H.M. Queen of Spain, with her two eldest boys, on the sands at San Sebastian, the scene of the recent clerical riots

of the Republic without calling on the Prime Minister?

The Prospect of Peace

There seems every reason to believe at the time of writing that the trouble will be smoothed over without loss of dignity either to the Vatican or the Spanish Government. The presence of the Spanish Chargé d'Affaires at the Vatican celebrations on the occasion of the anniversary of the coronation of the Pope was the first sign of peace, and was a distinct feather in the cap of that accomplished diplomat, Cardinal Merry del Val. It is an open secret that there has been plenty of sympathy at the Vatican for the more reasonable of the Spanish Liberal Premier's proposed reforms, and the trouble really arose through Señor Canalejas's disrespectful attitude towards the Pope. It was that which roused indignation in Spain and at the Vatican Court.

The Premier and His "Friends"

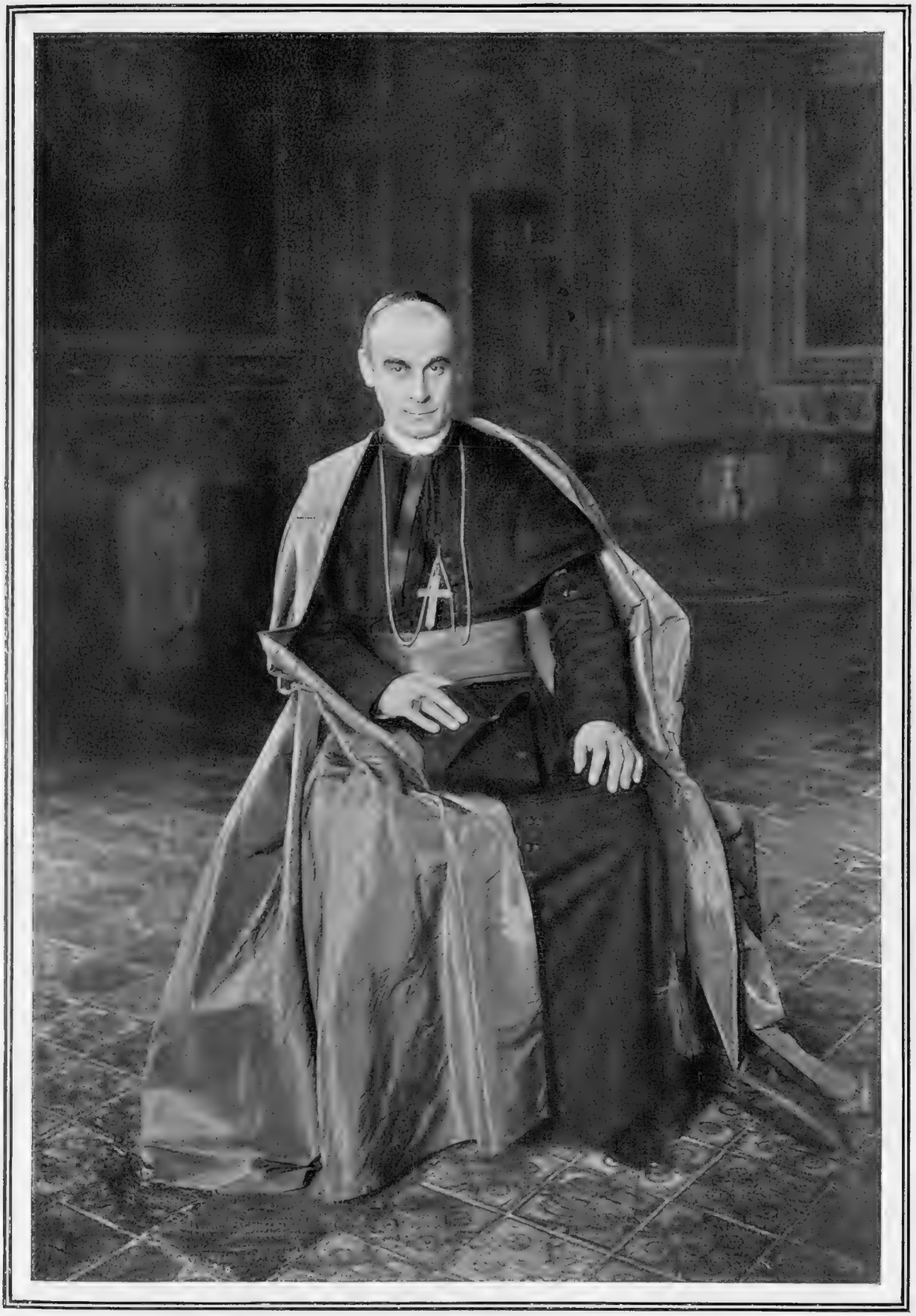
Liberals all over the world have a knack of getting into very bad company. Señor Canalejas is a good Catholic, and only anxious for the Church's welfare, but for the sake of power he had to meet the extremists half way. He, an ardent religionist, had to rely on the support of men who are for the negation of all religion. The alliance could hardly last long. The moderate man may bluff the extremist into giving him his vote, but before very long the two must see exactly eye to eye or quarrel. Canalejas tried to see eye to eye with the Anarchists and Atheists, with the result that he blundered and offended the Pope, who broke off negotiations. There is now evidence, however, that they are to be resumed. Certain it is that if Canalejas remembers his own Catholicity and the Catholicity of the nation which he leads, and refuses to be coerced by the small, though noisy, anti-Christian section which gets its orders from *outside* Spain, he will, with the complete approval of the Vatican, do work of which, as a Catholic and a Spaniard, he may be eternally proud.

A Prince's Schooling

The Crown Prince of Germany's visit to the East is creating a great deal of interest in Europe. In China and Japan, but especially in China, where Germany hopes to carry on even more extensive trade than at present, the Crown Prince's rôle will be that of a "commercial traveller," if I may thus express myself. He has Imperial orders to take detailed notes of what is being done and what he thinks can be done, and in this work he will be assisted by the splendidly organised group of German officials who make it their business to know everything. It is a very happy idea of the Kaiser's to use this opportunity of allowing his son to pay a State visit to India; it is a homage which England cannot fail to appreciate. The late King Edward and the present King learnt much in India, and returned enthusiastic. When the Archduke Francis Ferdinand made his memorable study trip round the world and wrote an interesting "journal," he was more impressed by India and the British rule than anything he saw. We, as a nation, did not impress him, "but," he added, "when you see and understand how they are ruling India, you can forgive them anything."

The Pilot of Vatican Diplomacy

THE MAN WHO CHAMPIONS PAPAL CLAIMS AND ENJOYS THE DREAD OF SPANISH SOCIALISTS



Photograph] HIS EMINENCE CARDINAL RAPHAEL MERRY DEL VAL [*Underwood*

The Pontifical Secretary of State was born in London in 1865. He was educated at Slough and Ushaw College, Durham, and is most English in his tastes and sympathies. He speaks almost every European language, and was Papal envoy at Queen Victoria's Jubilee and King Edward's Coronation. He is unquestionably one of the ablest men in European politics, and it is entirely due to his diplomatic management during the temporary rupture between the Spanish Government and the Vatican that the trouble promises to be peacefully settled. Again and again have attempts been made to overthrow this most astute aristocrat and divine (the silly story of his resignation spread by the Spanish Socialists was the last of them), but he emerges always triumphant—the Chevalier Bayard of the Vatican

PARIS SHOWS

et Autres Choses

by John N. Raphael.

A Dream at Versailles

"Madame de Maintenon! Madame de Maintenon! Don't put your fingers in your nose! It isn't done!" I woke up with a start. It was a very hot day, and I had had a tiring time on the slippery floors of the Palace of Versailles. People will come over to Paris in summer, and instead of taking life quietly and sitting under trees in armchairs, they want to go slithering about polished parquet floors, gazing at pictures, which may be excellent, but which I have seen before too often for their view to compensate me for the mental agony of standing on those awful floors to look at them. I am very fond of the Trianons, but I like them best by myself. I like to wander about there and re-live the dear old days of Marie Antoinette, and when your friends have an American accent that quiet kind of sight-seeing becomes impossible. So I asked my dear old friend Baedeker to go with my American friends to the Trianons, and I was sitting under a tree thinking things over. I woke up with a start, as I said, and I heard a hoarse, angry voice shouting, "Madame de Maintenon! Madame de Maintenon! Don't put your fingers in your nose! It isn't done!" I quite agreed with the voice, and if she really did behave like that, I don't know what Louis XIV. can have seen in the former Madame Scarron.

"H-s-st! A Clerical Conspiracy!"

Behold the bold, bad padres in the streets of San Sebastian discussing the unspeakable Spanish Government. Even thus, we seem to have seen the Government discussed in our own happy non-clerical paradise

Where Was Ninon?

Oh, dear! Madame de Maintenon *was doing what the voice said*, and when the voice said it, she answered most rudely, "*Zut! tu m'embêtes!*" I knew I must be dreaming, of course, but it was a wonderfully realistic dream. The voice grunted again. Madame de Maintenon picked up her skirts and tripped daintily across the grass towards me, followed by her ladies and the dandies of the Court. Such goings-on there were on the green sward of Versailles! Pretty ladies in their gorgeous old-time dresses, gentlemen in silks and satins, carrying long canes with tassels and gold knobs, came down the marble steps, looked at the gold-fish, chatted, flirted—ah! they were gorgeous days, the days of Louis le Grand! I rubbed my eyes. As I say, I knew that I was dreaming, and yet the whole thing looked so wonderfully real. If I had seen little Monsieur Colbert in his suit of black——why, here he comes! This is really better than Le Chat Botté or any other of Perrault's delightful stories. And here *is* old Perrault himself, telling one of the famous fairy stories to a lady of the Maintenon's Court. I hear him whisper behind his cocked hat, "*Mais le Prince, Madame, n'en voulait pas. Il avait aperçu la jolie Cendrillon se baigner au lac dans la fôret.*" Hallo! Hallo! Hallo! thought I. There were more things of interest to grown-ups in the fairy-tales when they were told at the Court of Louis XIV.

The Decadence of Manners

"Now, then," said the hoarse voice, "a little more *ensemble, voyons!* Perrault! Pull up your stockings! And you there, the third Marquis on the left, don't hold your cane as though you wanted to climb up it like a monkey or to dance on the tight-rope with it!" There was a rattle and a clatter of the trappings of horses and of steel. A squadron of cuirassiers came galloping across the courtyard, and behind them came the King's great coach of state. Down the steps trooped lackeys, lords, and ladies, all intent on doing honour to the little man in the big wig inside the carriage. The door was thrown open, steps were let down, and Le Roi Soleil stepped languidly out, with a long ebony cane in his right hand and his left upon the shoulder of de Périgny, his reader. Then he took snuff. "Sneeze, confound you! Yes! it's you I'm talking to—you, Louis XIV., name of a name; sneeze when I tell you to! Now then!" And the great King sneezed. I was amazed. I wondered why one of the officers of the guard did not cut the owner of that vulgar voice to pieces. And then I saw him. He came running out across the lawn, a fat little man in shirt-sleeves. He was unmistakably twentieth-century, unmistakably dirty, smoked a cigarette, and pushed Le Roi Soleil about across the lawn, and made him step forward, take snuff, and sneeze again. He was the stage-manager of a cinematograph company. He had spoiled Versailles for me. I shall never think of Madame de Maintenon with pleasure any more.

The Parvenu's Progress

5.—HIS DAUGHTER CONSENTS TO RESTORE THE FORTUNES OF A NOBLE RACE

BY H. M. BATEMAN

London Nights Entertainments

BY "JINGLE." ILLUSTRATED BY NORMAN MORROW

A VISIT TO THE ALHAMBRA

THE principal ballet at the Alhambra is an ambitious effort, but it is sustained with a success that is quite dazzling. The idea is to show "the power which Vanity has exercised over Woman throughout countless ages." I hasten to explain that this abrupt summing-up of feminine weakness is not my own. The credit of it belongs to the authors of the ballet; and though, for all I know to the contrary, they may be right, I do not, of course, ask the ladies to admit it. The first scene shows us Femina asleep in a garden. There is nothing whatever on the programme to indicate definitely that Eve is the lady represented, although, as dressed for the part, Mlle. Leonora bears a striking resemblance to Eve's pictures as painted by imaginative artists. The lady is most attractively dressed in pink and green, the latter colour being supplied by a girdle of vine-leaves, which is worn with much charm and distinction. Even those sensitive souls among us, however, who are pining for a return of the good old days are not likely to revert all at once to this fashion, delightful as it is to the eye. Besides, it is not a fashion that every woman can hope to adopt with the same success as Mlle. Leonora, who is very happily endowed both as regards feature and form. As soon as the sleeper has awakened, the Spirit of Vanity comes to tempt her with a lovely costume made of leaves and flowers, and, according to the programme, she "succumbs to the Tempting Spirit." It seemed to me, however, that the heroine's yearning for a completer costume may have been prompted not so much by vanity as prudence. Why not let her have the benefit of the doubt?

THE next scene takes us to the Stone Age, in which Femina appears as "Queen of the Tribes." This is a really effective picture of the days of our cave-dwelling ancestry. It is dainty in its colouring, while it preserves admirably the spirit of primeval savagery in the groupings and dances. The latter element is supplied by the wild antics and gyrations of a troupe of Russian experts, who manage very successfully to convey the idea that they are on their native heath. Femina is, in this scene, not quite so pink as before, but quite as charming in her outfit of furs. It appears from the programme that all the chiefs are in love with the "Queen," and she, therefore, proposes that they should engage in a tournament, the winner to claim her hand as his reward. I imagine that under such circumstances in the Stone Age the chiefs would not have waited to be asked to start a "tournament," but would have commenced the fighting right away. It does not seem to have been the fashion in the Stone Age for women to bestow their hands as they chose. When you fancied a girl you rushed her into your cave neck-and-crop, and then went out to deal with objectors on the doorstep. If you did not come back, the other man would take it upon himself to inform the lady that she was now a widow, and that he had decided to marry her accordingly. Still, in a decorative ballet, allowance must be made for poetical license. Modern women do not care, even in the interests of high art, to be dragged round the stage by the hair of their heads, and, after all, a ballet pretends to be no more than a dainty tale from dreamland.

SO the tournament proposed by the "Queen" takes place in due course, and just as the winner is coming up to claim his bride, a young chief, who has been away hunting, returns with the spoils of the chase, and offers a heap of magnificent furs to the "Queen," who at once admits that she has loved him from the very first. That shows you what these women are, doesn't it? Thackeray used to say that he wrote of women as he had met them, but, as a fair friend reminded him, he had omitted to explain *where* he had met them, and that makes a lot of difference, don't you know. The moral of this scene is that when a woman has to choose between keeping her solemn word and accepting a lovely outfit of furs, she, as old Omar puts it, takes the Cash and lets the Credit go! . . . I am now looking up furriers' catalogues at express speed, in case of accidents.

THE third scene is laid in a Temple of "Ancient Assyria," and here again the picture is one of imposing magnificence. I have not seen anything so dignified and so satisfying on the Alhambra stage before. Femina, the Woman, is well in the foreground. As our French friends say, "*Les Femmes—il n'y a que ça!*" A prince arrives at the Temple and persuades Femina to fly with him; but at that moment she is fascinated by the sight of a jewelled collar about the neck of the great Idol, and she winks the other eye at the High Priest as a hint that if he likes to steal that treasure for her she will be his sweetheart true, or words (and winks) to that effect. Smitten by the lady's beauty, the priest yields to the temptation, and then there is frightful trouble. Lightning flashes, and thunder roars; and then the whole fabric of the Temple collapses just by way of showing what an idol can do when it is minded to turn spiteful. Does the woman wait to see the results of her dreadful vanity? She does not. She bolts

"Femina" is universally voted to be quite the best ballet produced at the Alhambra Theatre in recent years. Some very wonderful dancing is to be seen, and the eye is constantly charmed with scenic pictures of great beauty. "On the Sands" is a merry divertissement, just suitable for the summer season

SKETCHED BY NORMAN MORROW

with the Prince and leaves the High Priest on the floor of the Temple, cold and dead. Alas, yes!

THE collapse of the Temple is a fine piece of realism. It is usual, as we know, for Temples (on the stage) to collapse when they have been profaned, and there is, therefore, not much room for novelty in such a scene. At the same time, the Alhambra sensation appears to me to be well ahead of anything of the kind I have seen before, and I think the management are to be heartily congratulated accordingly. The ballet, from first to last, is a very serious effort, but its interest never fails for a moment. Of course, as I have said above, it was not I who levelled the charge of vanity against the ladies; I write only of what I have seen. Yet, here and there it does seem as if the author of this magnificent ballet, Signor Alfredo Curti, had stumbled upon facts that the gentler sex will find it hard to sweep away. I never like to speak harshly of ladies myself, because, of course, they can't help being what they are; and when I see the entire sex swept into a comprehensive charge of pride and vain-glory I am rather grieved. Still, it is good to know that one man at least has had the courage to speak the truth. What?

SKETCHED AT THE ALHAMBRA BY NORMAN MORROW

THE last scene is a little less decorative, but it affords an opportunity for some very excellent dancing. The place is Spain, and by way, doubtless, of imparting a little local colour, the programme informs us in a playfully polyglot way that Femina now represents a "gitana in the salle of a posada," which, being interpreted, means "a gipsy in the parlour of an inn." Here, again, Femina shows a sad preference for the highest bidder; but by this time we have got used to her little ways, and her inconstancy no longer amazes us, especially as there are other attractions. To begin with, there is a gipsy dance by Señora Lola la Flamenca, which is quite a gem in its mingling of dainty art with the nicer recklessness of Oriental tradition. It is the last word on the subject of woman's dominion over man, and it is also underlined with the most extreme delicacy. This dance, which, in its primitive form, is probably the oldest in the world, has been translated into something like a poem by the Señora's art. Its only faults are that it is too short, and that it is the only example of her art that this clever lady is permitted to give. Another of the dancers in this scene is Señor Faico, who is most successful. I should have liked to have seen him take the last dance with the Señora. As it was, he danced it with Mlle. Leonora, who as the Femina of the ballet is, of course, obliged to continue the story. Mlle. Leonora, however, is a little too stately for the wilder dances of Spain; she seems to be all the while afraid that she will lose something of her supreme gracefulness by adopting the characteristic *abandon* of the gitana; but I think her art suffers a little by her reticence.

A SHORTER ballet, on a less ambitious theme, is produced earlier in the evening. It is called "On the Sands," and depicts in a fresh and breezy manner the frolics of holiday-makers by the seashore, and it should prove popular. Among the other turns, the gentleman who calls himself Merlin deserves to be congratulated. One at least of his tricks would have got him into serious trouble two or three hundred years ago or so, when the burning of wizards was a more popular pursuit than it is to-day. Merlin borrows an opera-hat from the audience, and stands it on a glass of water, and then you see the glass slowly working its way into the interior of the hat without the use of mechanical apparatus of any kind. It is the completest and most successful illusion I have ever witnessed. An elderly gentleman in front of me, who had apparently just come in from dinner, sat blinking steadily at the trick in what appeared to me to be a state of really painful perplexity. He didn't seem to be able to satisfy himself whether the glass was really moving through the hat or not, and he hadn't the courage to ask about it in case there should be no ground for his suspicions.

MERLIN'S special feature, however, is his manipulation of cards, with curious inquirers from the audience standing round him in order that they may see how it is done. On the evening of our visit, one of the inquirers was a German gentleman, whose knowledge of English was rather imperfect. Having been invited to take a card from the pack, he stated, on replacing it, that he had drawn the "five of clubs." Merlin, however, assured him that it must have been the "five of spades," and it then transpired that the German gentleman thought spades were clubs. There are times, I know, when one wishes they were; but they really are not, of course. It is a little embarrassing for a conjuror to have to be checked off by an obviously incapable critic; but Merlin rose to the occasion magnificently. When he wanted a "three" or a "five" he translated the terms for the stranger's benefit into *drie* and *fünf*, to the huge delight of the audience.

JINGLE.

Pencil Portraits of Stage Favourites

(DULY AUTOGRAPHED BY THEMSELVES)

MISS VALLI VALLI: DRAWN FROM LIFE BY R. G. MATHEWS

(Previous issues containing drawings by R. G. Mathews of Miss Gertrude Elliott, Miss Violet Vanbrugh, Miss Winifred Emery, Mlle. Anna Pavlova, Mlle. Gaby Deslys, Miss Irene Vanbrugh, and Miss Elsie Spain, and by Harold H. Smith of Sir H. Tree, Mr. Cyril Maude, Mr. Arthur Bourchier, Mr. Charles Hawtrey, Miss Lily Elsie, Mr. Fred Terry, Mr. H. B. Irving, and Mr. Lewis Waller, may be obtained from the Publisher)

The Territorial Manœuvres: England Invaded—by Courtesy

Photograph]

A BRIDGE BUILT BY THE 2ND LONDON FD. CO. R. ENG. (T.F.) FOR INFANTRY IN FILE

The invasion of Kent by the Blue Army of Territorials was one of the most comical affairs in all the history of sham warfare. The invading force were embarked at Harwich on the Sunday and the transports left for Leysdown in the Isle of Sheppey, where the landing was to be effected. They arrived early on Tuesday morning in perfectly calm weather, but it was not calm enough for the invaders, who, after a few hours' wait, sailed off to Dover. The latter was regarded for the time being as a neutral port, and the gallant invaders landed under the guns of the fort with the defenders' patrols calmly looking on. And this, be it remembered, after the Red Defending Army had been doing extraordinary precautionary work and the troops had been kept in war positions day and night! But, of course, there had to be manœuvres, so the invaders were given a free pass into the country

Watching and Waiting for the Enemy's Transports

THE LATEST SHAM INVASION FIASCO ON THE SOUTH COAST

TERRITORIALS' RECONNAISSANCE WORK AT A MARTELLO TOWER OVERLOOKING THE SEA

On the opposite page is told the story of the transports bearing the invaders who arrived at the Isle of Sheppey only to sail sorrowfully away and crave permission of the defenders to land peacefully at Dover before showing a hostile front. The subsequent manœuvres were fairly instructive, but it is to be hoped that the ghastly failure of this invasion scheme will teach the authorities that there is no room in the ten working days, which is all the Territorials yearly outing amounts to, for the realities of invasion

The Mephistophelian Tipster

A TIMELY WARNING TO RACE-GOING GULLS

IN spite of a plethora of racing tipsters and racing sheets, the number of real *cognoscenti* among the general public is ludicrously small. Probably the latter fact does much to explain the former. Fifty years ago there were probably many more good judges and capable critics of the runners in any of the great races. Nowadays these men have been replaced by a multitude who neither know nor care much about horse-racing, who are dismally ignorant on the subject of race riding, and consider the great end-all of racing is the spotting of winners.

Nothing could possibly excel the impudent audacity of the methods adopted by the modern tipster to secure his prey except the extraordinary credulity of his dupes, although a very little common sense would suffice to show how utterly fallacious are the statements contained in the tipster's circulars and advertisements. The following is a good average specimen of the bait employed.

"When a winning vein is struck by Old Jake there is no telling how profitable it will prove, just as when in search of precious minerals in the earth the value is difficult to estimate when a really good vein is struck, and they who take advantage of the opportunity that is presented often make large fortunes. Old Jake has now secured, to the immense delight of his patrons, a vein on the Turf which has proved most valuable to all who follow him. To send his subscribers several really good winners is quite the same as sending them some good Bank of England notes or bags of gold, because that is what they obtain."

Incredible as it may seem, it is illiterate gas and bounce of this sort which daily brings in large amounts to the authors of the rubbish.

The tipster's tactics by which he secures his numerous victims and covers himself in the event of failure are in their wiliness nothing short of Mephistophelian. His first object is to get as many names on his books as possible. Thoroughly appreciating the weakness of mankind for obtaining something for nothing, he advertises his possession of "valuable information" about a certain horse whose defeat is regarded as "impossible," and offers to send the name to all who simply forward a stamped addressed envelope. This is always an extremely effective bait, and thousands of gulls are thus landed in the tipster's net.

Let us suppose eight thousand have been caught, and that the horse wins. The tipster's name is made, and a large percentage of his correspondents will send whatever he asks for his wires on the following week. Moreover, they will continue to try again and again, notwithstanding the fact they may not again be successful. For their knowing friend is merely in what he airily terms "bad form." The fact of his having sent them one winner will ensure their credulity for a prolonged period.

But how does our foxy oracle manœuvre should the horse fail to win, and thus lose its backers a considerable amount? Well, he is by no means done with. He resolves to reinstate himself with a portion at least of his eight thousand gulls, and no one can deny the ingenuity of the method he proceeds to adopt.

A New Betting Machine

There is being installed at such American race tracks as remain a betting machine which is said to do away with all crookedness. This machine shows the total number of bets in the four spaces at the top, the horse's number below, and alongside the number of bets placed on the horse. Just above these bets appears the horse's name. The word "straight" means that that race can only be played for the horses to win, and not for a place. The person picking the winning horse gets all the money placed in the machine on all the horses in the race less 5 per cent. If more than one picks the winner the money is divided

Selecting a forthcoming race in which there are eight horses, he places an order for eight thousand circulars, worded as only a racing tipster can word such. To one thousand of those whom he has got upon his list he sends one horse, to the second another, and so on until every horse in the race has been disposed of. As a result of this strategy one thousand get the absolute winner, another thousand get the second, and yet another the third, while the remainder are, of course, out of the running. As he advises his dupes to back his selections each way, three out of the eight thousand make money by his advice, or know they might have done so, and are safe to patronise him again.

By and by, when these have been squeezed for all they are worth for the time being and no longer take his wires, he turns to the luckless five thousand and angles another bait before their eyes in the shape of a circular expatiating on the grand form he is in, and expressing regret that they have neglected to avail themselves of his "matchless wires," which have been proving a "gold mine" to those who have received them.

Frequently the tipster varies his tactics by the employment of two or three aliases at once with a corresponding change of address. Thus when Mr. Fox's wires have become stinking fish we find him at a moment's notice transformed into Captain Ripper, the *éclat* of military rank, infallibly suggesting an *entrée* into circles of the most exclusive nature.

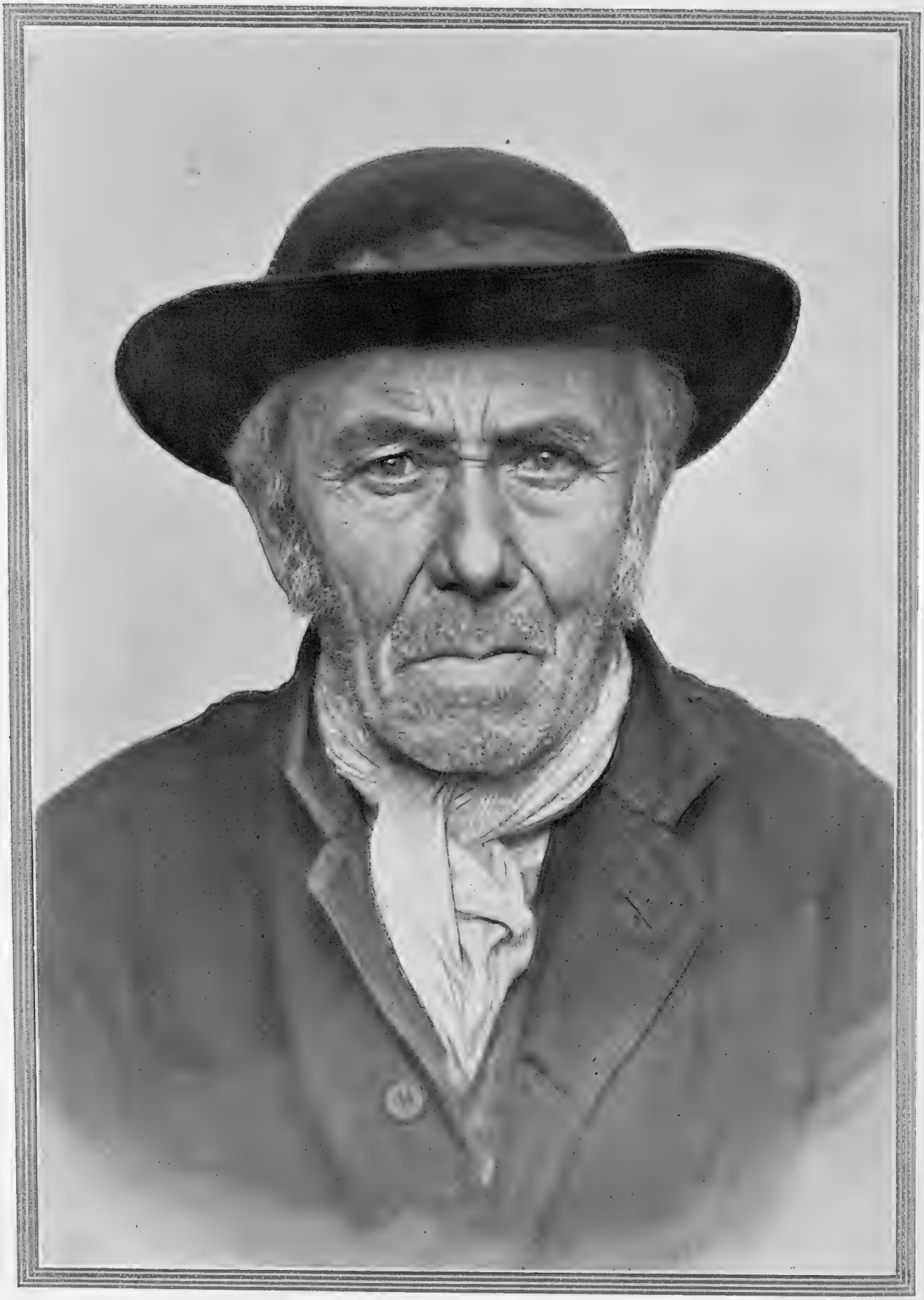
Thus year in and year out the game goes on to the benefit of the tipster and the loss of his victims, whose reasoning power under the hypnotic influence of the racing prophet seems to vanish entirely.

A Seasonable Suggestion

IF YOU MUST SWIM THE CHANNEL WHY NOT TRY THIS STYLE, AND GET IT OVER?

BY STARR WOOD

Darby and—



Photographs

"Though I look old, yet I am strong and lusty; for in my youth I never did apply hot and

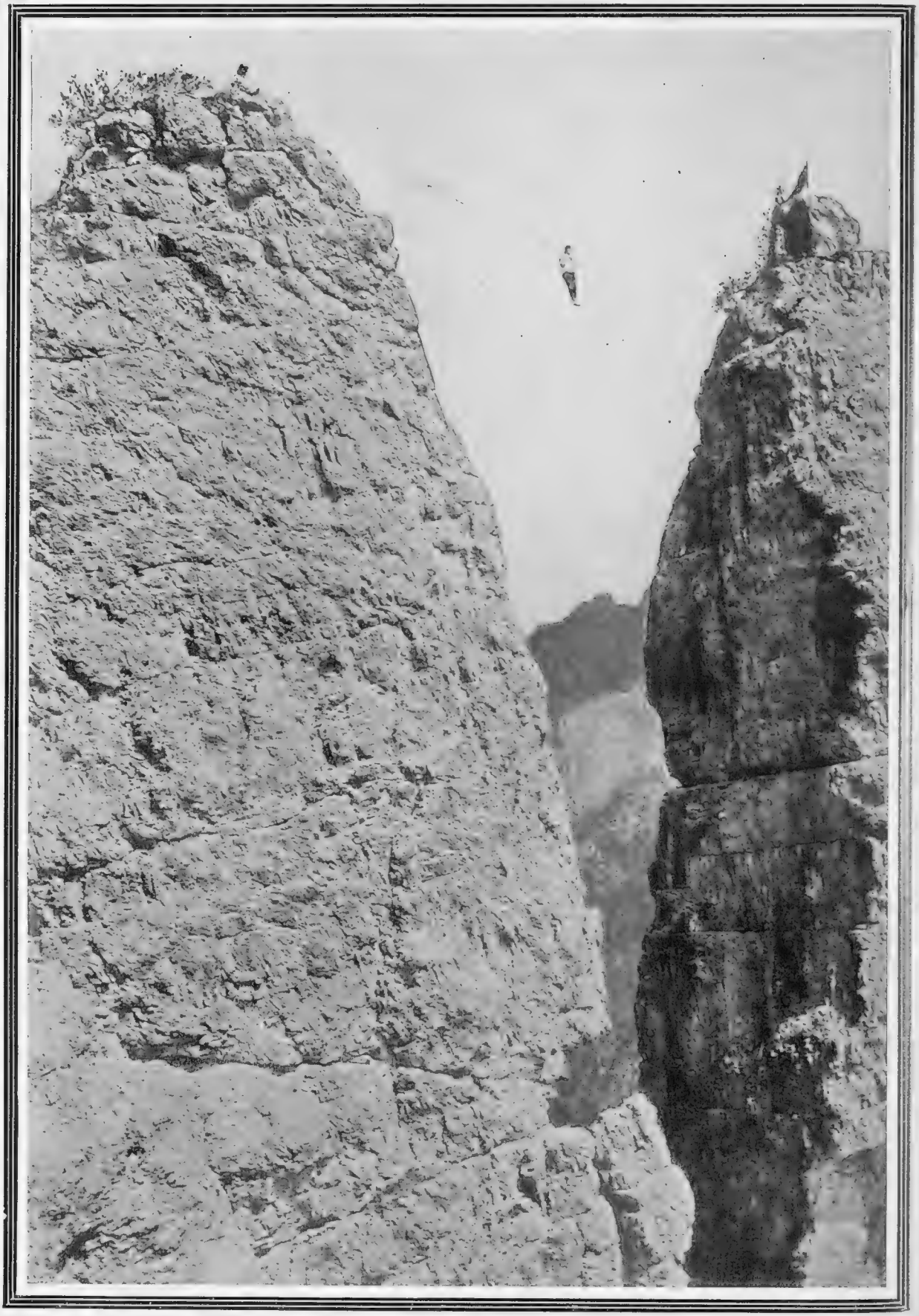
—Joan!

John T. Roberts

rebellious liquors in my blood; therefore my age is as a lusty winter, frosty but kindly"
—Shakespeare's *As You Like It*, Act II., Scene 3

Alpine Acrobatics

THE EXHILARATING SIDE OF MOUNTAIN CLIMBING



Photograph *Underwood*

This photograph shows the graceful and exhilarating method whereby the summit of a high mountain in the Dolomites (a region of isolated peaks in the S.E. of Tyrol and in the Carinthian Alp masses—Dolomite being a kind of limestone) is reached. This district is noted for its magnificent mountain scenery, for its stupendous precipices, and secluded valleys

"THE BYSTANDER" SHORT-STORY

FEAR HATH TORMENT

By DEREK VANE

"IT was a ripping dance," said young Townley, as he mixed himself a whisky-and-soda. "Haven't enjoyed anything so much for a long time."

"So I imagined," his companion said dryly, as he also took up a glass.

They made a striking contrast as they stood close together at the table. They were both presentable-looking men, but Hugh Townley was far the younger and handsomer of the two. Added to which, he had a frankness and gay humour which the other almost entirely lacked. Fursdon took life seriously. But in spite of the difference between them they had always been the best of friends, and for some time had shared a little house in Curzon Street. Fursdon seemed unusually quiet to-night, but Hugh was in exuberant spirits and rattled on gaily.

"Didn't Stella look ripping?" he said, using his favourite word again. "Almost took my breath away when I first saw her. Reminded me of angels and other cold, uncomfortable things, so white and floating and gossamery. She said," with a laugh of recollection, "it was the chiffon."

"Oh, you told her about your poetical fancies, then?"

"Of course I did. We're great pals, you know; I tell her most things."

Fursdon spilt some of the soda he was pouring into his glass. It was the second he had mixed in ten minutes, though he was generally a particularly abstemious man. But he had drained the first at a draught. "Pals!"—what a word to use in connection with a girl like Stella! It was his sudden movement of disgust that had spilt the soda. He pushed the hair back from his forehead as though it oppressed him, and sat down heavily.

"Yes, you've got on very well," he said slowly; "made very good progress in the time. Let me see, it's less than three months since I introduced you, isn't it?"

"Very likely. But you know one doesn't reckon love or friendship by time. What a practical fellow you are! It's the heart-beats that count, the amount of feeling you stuff into an hour. If I had known her all my life I could not know her better than I do. She's a darling!"

Fursdon gave a violent start and knocked over his glass.

"Do you think that is a proper way to speak of a lady?" he said after a minute. He had stooped to pick up his glass, and his face was flushed. His voice, too, sounded hoarse and strained.

"What's the matter?" asked Townley, laughing boisterously. "What a Puritan you are! She *is* a darling. What do you want me to call her, 'an estimable young lady'?" He threw himself back in his chair and laughed again.

The flush deepened in Fursdon's face.

"I must ask you to treat my friends with more respect," he said roughly.

"Your friends? My dear chap, I think if the fair Stella were asked which of us two was the friend of her heart she would say it was your humble servant." Hugh was very young, or he would have had more discretion; he would have seen that the matter had gone beyond a joke. But he was excited by the night's amusement, and in the mood for chaff and nonsense. Fursdon's attitude only roused his school-boy love of teasing.

"We are kindred souls, we have sworn an eternal friendship. There is no one above her and no one beside her—Stella, my star!"

"Damn you! Be quiet!" Fursdon cried with sudden passion.

Did the boy see so plainly what he had begun to fear himself? Was he, indeed, but an outsider beside this handsome, audacious youth, who rushed in where he would have been afraid to tread? Were the hopes he had cherished but foolish, futile things? Had a careless hand taken from him what he would have given his life to hold? What could a boy of three or four-and-twenty know of love? It took a man to understand all it could do or undo. He looked up and saw Hugh watching him with laughing, mocking eyes. The blood surged to his head. He lost control of himself; for a minute he was mad.

"Damn you!" he said again. "I'll make you be quiet." And seizing a soda-water bottle—the first thing to hand—he flung it in the mocking face, as, in that moment, he would have done anything, careless of the consequences, so long as he shut out the eyes that had discovered his secret and laughed at it.

The missile struck Townley on the forehead, and he fell back in his chair. Fursdon watched him as if fascinated, overwhelmed by his own swift vengeance. This act was really only the sequel to other things. For some time past he had been jealous of Hugh's intimacy with Stella Burton, though it had never found vent till to-night. He could not help seeing how popular the young man was everywhere, and, though he did not grudge him his popularity anywhere

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else, he grudged it bitterly with the girl he loved. What he would have given to be able to laugh and talk with her as Hugh did! Instead, he stood tongue-tied and abashed in her presence; he, a man of thirty-five, who could face any physical danger with cool courage and assurance. What must she think of him? Conscious that he was showing himself at his worst only made him more diffident and awkward. Unable to stand the strain, he left her more and more alone.

To-night it had been her birthday ball, and he had been obliged to go. He was too old a friend of the family to stay away without some good excuse. But he had suffered tortures all the evening. He had felt unwanted—out of things.

A movement in the chair opposite roused him from his abstraction. The body—he paused a moment to wonder why he called it that—was sliding down in a curiously helpless way. He watched it with fascinated eyes. He held his breath as it slipped lower and lower in the chair. He stared as a child might have done, without understanding, but in a cold horror.

Then, suddenly, it fell with a thud on the floor, and lay there, doubled up and inert, the white, ghastly face upturned, a drop of blood trickling slowly down, from under the brown hair. Fursdon saw it, and shuddered.

He got up and went near, half fearfully, half wonderingly. What had happened? Had he done this? Impossible! He had loved the boy. Loved him always, in spite of his young presumption, his tormenting ways, his vanity, his conceit. He was a lovable boy. And now——. He stooped over him.

"Hugh!" he called softly. "Hugh, old chap!" But there was no answer; the long limbs never stirred. Only one drop of blood followed another from that wound under the brown curls. Mechanically he put his hand to his own forehead as he felt something trickle down. His face was wet, heavy with sweat, and yet it was a cold night. He stood up, trembling in every limb. He felt a sudden nausea. He must get away, get away at all costs, or he would drop down beside that awful thing—the dead body of the friend he had killed.

He was not in a condition to think of any consequences, of what would follow his mad act. He was too overwhelmed. He only realised it as yet as he might have done in a dream. The one thought that possessed him now was to get away; to go somewhere where he could not see it. He would scream aloud if he looked any longer at that ghastly upturned face.

He staggered towards the door, got it open somehow, and went into the room on the opposite side of the hall. There he dropped into a chair, breathing heavily, as though he had been through some great exertion. He fell back exhausted, and closed his eyes.

How long he had sat there in that semi-conscious condition he could not have said, when suddenly he was roused into acute perception by a sound outside. *Somebody was coming up the steps to the hall door.* The next moment there was a loud peal at the bell. He crouched down in his chair as he heard it in a paroxysm of terror, holding his breath, staring out into the darkness with empty eyes.

Had they come for him already? That was his first thought. The next moment he recognised that it was impossible. Who could have told—who could know as yet? Nobody. He tried to pull himself together. More than once in his hunting expeditions he had faced death with composure, why should he be so terrified now? Ah, but this was quite a different thing. It was not death he feared so much, but that thing lying on the floor in the other room; the thing that never stirred, that he had seen die before his eyes. His once familiar friend, the boy he loved, who had loved him. Nothing had come between them until three months ago, when he had spoilt his chances by making Hugh known to Stella. He had only himself to blame for what had followed. It was natural that youth should go to youth; that he should be left behind.

It was quite dark in the room, but it was curious that wherever he looked he should see something lying on the floor, a something huddled up and very still. The bell rang again. Would the servants come down? he wondered fearfully. If so, he was lost. Who could it be at such an hour, ringing in that importunate way, as though they meant to be let in?

Fortunately the servants were a long way off, and would not be easily roused in the middle of the night. They might not hear. The bell pealed for the third time. Fursdon shivered as he heard it. How persistent it was! There was something weird and unnatural at such a time in the familiar sound echoing through the quiet house. There was something almost unbearable to his tortured nerves in the thought of that presence outside, demanding admittance. It was the quietest hour in London's night, there was scarcely a sound to be heard, but outside somebody watched, as he watched here, while beyond was another who paid no heed. Just they three, as it seemed, alone out of all the world.

The bell did not ring again. It sounded as though the unseen visitor had given it up and was going away. Fursdon drew a deep breath of relief. But the next minute he was listening again intently. Somebody was trying to open the dining-room window. Denied admittance one way, this person, whoever it was, was determined to get in by another. And that other was the worst way of all, for there was that on the dining-room floor which would claim immediate attention, which would rouse the house, which would send feet hurrying in every direction bearing the news of his shame and disgrace. He got up, swaying unsteadily. He must make his escape while there was yet time. If he waited until an entrance had been effected, it would be too late. He would be found almost immediately and dragged forth. Explanations would be demanded, and he had none to give. He would stand there self-condemned.

But how to go? That was the question; every way seemed barred. It would make some noise opening the windows, and then it was not easy to get out; he would drop into the area below if he missed his footing. That was why the man on the other side was so long getting into the dining-room; he had to be careful. Perhaps the best way would be to try the hall door. He could wait until the man was safe inside, then he would quietly open the door and make his escape. He might not be able to get very far, but at all events he would get out of the house. He would not be forced to face his silent accuser. Anything would be better than that. He was ready to give up his own life; he owed it to Hugh—besides, what value would it be now?—but he would take it himself.

(*Continued on page 348*)

Beauty Below Stairs

"LA JEUNE SERVANTE": BY AMILLY (IN THE PARIS SALON)

(Continued from page 346)

He slipped a revolver into his pocket, and, moving with the utmost caution, left the room. The hall was in darkness—so much the better. He put on his hat and overcoat and crept close up to the wall to listen. A moment later he heard a thud, as though somebody had come down heavily on his feet. The man was inside. Fursdon ran to the hall door in a panic of fear. But his hands shook, and he made some noise over the fastenings. He had just got the door open, but was still standing inside, when someone rushed out of the dining-room and caught hold of him. Fursdon gave a gasping cry, staggered and half fell. The man caught hold of him.

"Oh, it's you, sir," he said the next moment, as he saw Fursdon's face. "I beg your pardon; I'm afraid I've given you a fright. But I thought I'd caught the scoundrel. I see you don't understand," as Fursdon stared at him, white and bewildered. "You've only just come in," looking at the hat and coat. "You don't know what's happened. I'm afraid there's something wrong—something's happened to Mr. Townley."

Fursdon dropped on to a seat, still without uttering a word. He could not have spoken to save his life.

"I saw a light in the room, and the window was open at the top, which I thought queer considering the time of night and that I couldn't hear anybody talking. So I rang the bell, but I couldn't get any answer. That showed me that neither you nor the other gentleman was about, so I thought I'd better investigate. I got the window open at the bottom, and managed to get inside with some trouble—it's a nasty stretch—and then"—hesitating—"I found something worse than I expected."

It was Constable Perry who spoke. He was on night duty in Curzon Street, and knew both Fursdon and Townley well. They would often exchange good-nights with him when they came home late, accompanied sometimes by a handsome tip, so that he paid special attention to their abode.

"I'm afraid there's been foul play," he continued. "I was just going to ring up a doctor when I heard somebody at the front door and dashed out. You must have come up just after I got in." He looked at Fursdon, and Fursdon stared back at him, almost vacantly. "I'm afraid I've given you a nasty shock, sir, but—but Mr. Townley's lying in there, all doubled up on the floor, and I don't know what to make of it. I'd better go for help."

He had hardly finished speaking when they both looked round sharply. They had heard something. Did the noise come from the dining-room? The next moment there was no doubt about it; it came again—a heavy groan. Fursdon gave a choking cry, and caught hold of Perry's arm.

"What's that? What's that?" he gasped. "Did you hear? God of Mercy! what is it?"

"I'll go and see, sir," the constable said, "if you'll let go." Privately he thought that Fursdon had been drinking; he seemed so queer.

"No!—no!—don't go. What's the use? I won't have it. . . . Stop here!"—violently, as Perry tried to wrench himself free.

"I don't think you understand, sir. Mr. Townley's lying in there dead or dying, and it's my duty to go for help. I'll call up my mate, and we'll have a doctor round in a minute. Don't you see that while we stand here talking the murderer may get clean away?"

Perry made a resolute movement, and dragged his arm away. He turned towards the dining-room, but he had hardly taken a step when the door opened and Hugh stood on the threshold. Fursdon dropped back with a groan, as though he had been shot.

"You're—you're not dead, then, sir?" the constable said stupidly. "I thought you were."

"I feel pretty near it," Hugh said faintly, clinging to the door for support. "Get me some brandy. I heard someone talking, and I tried to make you hear."

Perry went into the room and Hugh slid along the wall until he reached Fursdon.

"It's all right, old chap. Did you think I was a ghost?" He lowered his voice. "Pull yourself together, or he'll wonder what's up. I'll forgive you this time. I know you didn't mean it. Luckily for you, I was only stunned." Sudden faintness seized him, and he slipped down on the seat. Fursdon caught him in his arms.

"Hughie! . . . Hughie! . . . Is it really you? . . . Oh, thank God!—thank God!"

When Perry brought out the brandy he hardly knew which man wanted it most.

"I had a nasty fall," Hugh explained to the friendly constable. "Caught my foot in the rug and came down a cropper. I must have knocked my head against the fender and lost my senses. I remember tumbling down, and that's all. I suppose"—with a faint laugh—"you thought I had been murdered?"

"Well, it did look a bit queer, sir; I hardly knew what to make of it. But it's a good thing it's no worse. Thank you very much, sir," closing his fingers over something small and golden. "Good-night, gentlemen."

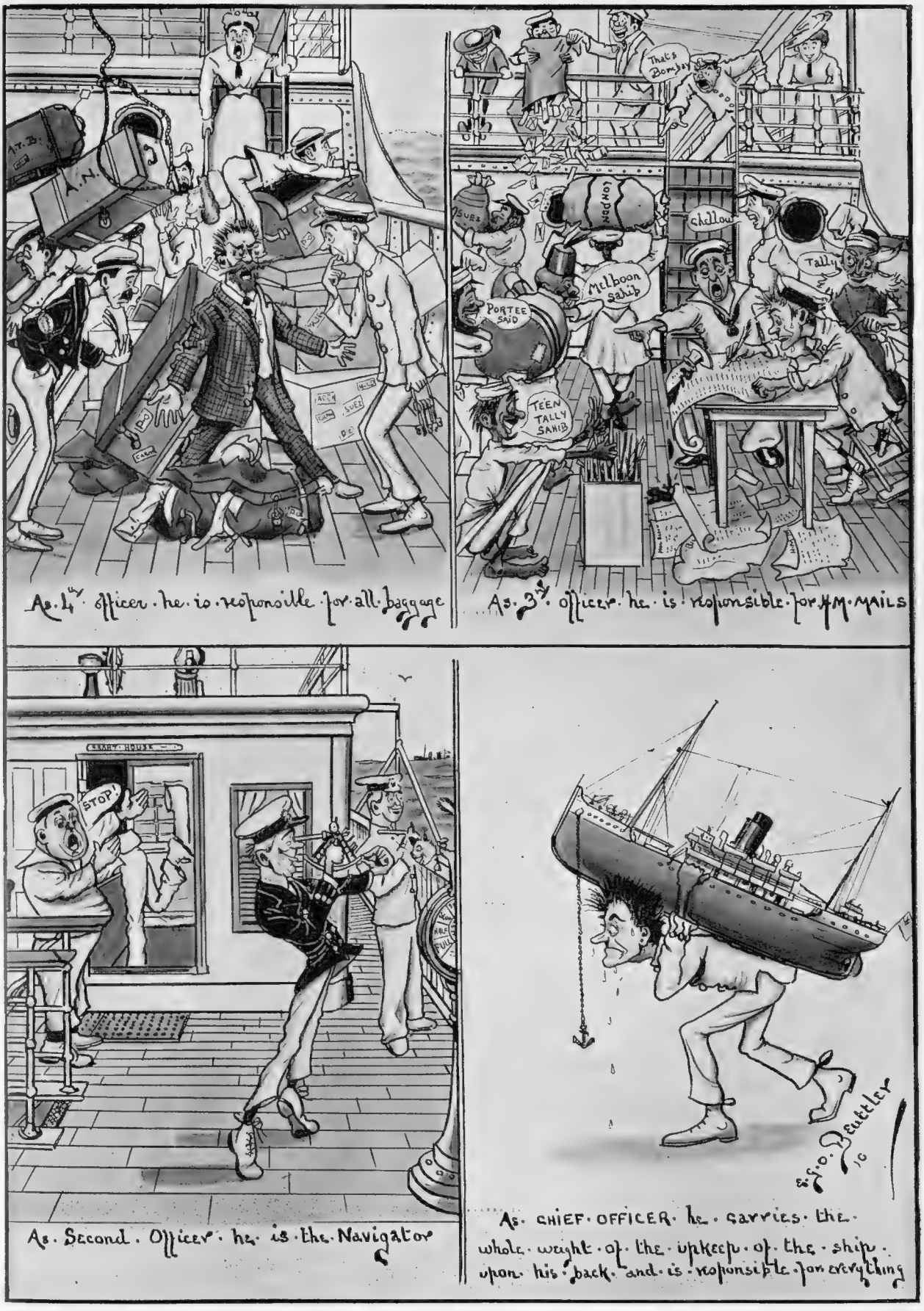
. . . . . .

"And all because you're as blind as a bat," Hugh said, after some other remarks when he and Fursdon were left alone. "You may know something of wild beasts, but you know nothing of women—an epigram lies hidden there if I could only find it! Where were your eyes? Couldn't you see that we were only frolicking, like young lambs at play? *You* are the hero of her dreams—*you* are the Fairy Prince, though I must say you don't look much like it. Dear old blunderhead, go in and win!" DEREK VANE.

ACROSTICATURE PRIZES

The winners of the three prizes of £20, £10, and £5 have, the Editor is informed, duly made their selections of articles to that value from the premises of the Goldsmiths and Silversmiths Co., 110 to 112, Regent Street. The first prize-winner, Dr. Duncan Grey, has selected a Regent Plate and oak tea-tray and a lantern china quarter clock. The second winner, Mr. E. T. Hardman, has selected mother-of-pearl sleeve links and studs, safety pin, solid silver and glass inkstand, and two solid silver pencil-cases. Mr. Hatchard, the third prize-winner, has selected articles to the value of £5

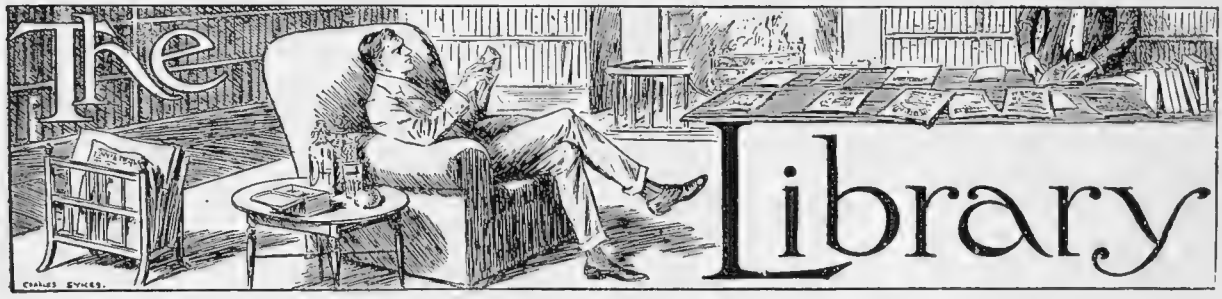
Life in the Mercantile Marine



No. V.—THE RESPONSIBILITIES OF RANK

BY E. G. O. BEUTTLER

(Previous episodes have appeared in our issues of June 1, 15, 22, and July 27)



"A Sealed Verdict" By Lawrence L. Lynch (E. Murdock van Deventer). Is this or is this not a good story? That is the question which revolves in one's mind when the last page is turned (John Long: 6*s*.). It has its good points, and it has others which do not appeal to the average Englishman. It is essentially American in diction, with a few extravaganzas added, and the whole scenario is in America, fluttering between Chicago and New York. The author of *Shadowed by Three*, who has now given us his real name, cannot "quit" shadowing, as he would say himself, and we have in this story the inevitable amateur who understands much more about detective work than the skilled "tecs." Is not this the essence of detective fiction; and does not the average man in the street think he knows more about crime and criminals than, say, Detective-Inspector Dew? At least, the conversation of the past few weeks would lead one to believe that such was the case. But though in the works of Sir A. Conan Doyle and his followers the police have generally been a little shy of the amateur, in this book we have them eagerly accepting the theories of a journalist—attached to an American paper—and even obeying him, lending him men, and subordinating all their actions to his highly developed Yankee brain, at last to the extent of refusing, at his orders, to arrest a suspect till he has had five days to show them how the trick ought to be done. It is extravagant to the point of absurdity, and that is its real fault. But the story is a good one, even if absurd, and it goes with a swing from start to finish, as we should expect from Mr. Lynch. An actor, two living actresses, one dead ditto, and the journalist and police form the chief *personnel*, and, of course, the discovery of the cause of death of the deceased player is the point aimed at. We have anonymous letters and a burglar, and if the book be rightly read we can find in it entertainment; but not in the way the author intended!

"Hurrah for the Life of a Sailor" If this book, by Admiral Sir William Kennedy (Eveleigh Nash: 2*s*.), had been priced at 6*s*. it would have a vogue, for it is really important not only from its historical point of view, but on account also of the excellent description which it gives of the transition period of our Navy. It is practically the logbook or diary of an old sea-dog, who joined the Senior Service in the days when wooden walls and flogging ruled supreme, and who passed through the various stages which led up to the advent of the super-*Dreadnought*. After the usual period of tutelage the Admiral went out to the Crimea and thence to China. The accounts of the daily life of the Naval Brigades with which he served during those campaigns are excellent reading, and add no small amount to our knowledge of these operations. Especially is this the case in regard to the China War. There the Admiral took part in all the most important battles, and he is able to explain at first hand many little misconceptions which have arisen, partly through the lamentable party feeling which commenced to spring up even in those early days in our Navy. Though as one who served his early years under Admiral Seymour, Sir William is bound to be a firm adherent to that gallant sailor, yet in the whole work there is not a single bitter word against any of the followers of Admiral Keppel. True it is that Sir William strives to get recognition of the splendid work done by Seymour in the Chinese War, but he does so without rancour and giving due praise to all engaged. Those who ever had the pleasure of meeting Sir William will recognise in these pages the same manly, straightforward manner of speaking which made him so dear to all civilians when he was in command of the Indian Station, and flew his flag as Rear-Admiral in the old *Boadicea*.

"Janey Canuck in the West" With all the talk which we hear around us of Canada and the glorious West, here is a most delightful little book by Emily Ferguson (Messrs. Cassell: 6*s*.) which should appeal to everyone who is fond of pretty descriptions of the actual life of the inhabitants of parts we cannot visit. Mrs. Ferguson possesses a wonderful sense of humour, and she never misses an opportunity of displaying for the reader's pleasure the funny side of things. Take her visit to the Dukhobors and their strange communistic settlement. She tells us of their habits and of the amazement and horror with which the ladies of the community watched her remove her corsets, with their yellow silk suspenders! She hopes that the day will come when the good dames of these curious people will don the iron-bound cuirass and accept the yellow garter. Incidentally, this is the first book to give a readable account of the actual daily life of the Dukhobors, and as such should be of value to the student of men and manners. Mrs. Ferguson does not mind recounting incidents against herself. For instance, on page 135 is a pretty little story which had better be seen by the reader. It is quite a book to pick up in an idle hour and read any chapter at random. Every page is bright with the author's wit, and there is no dry Sahara of description to be waded through before the reader can grasp the threads. Mrs. Ferguson's reflections on Yankee pies and her homily on the mosquito and his habits are fine, to use a Yankeeism, and the latter might well be brought before the Board of the School of Tropical Medicine. Anyway, the book is a refreshing one, full of life and fun, and is quite to be recommended. The print is excellent, and the thumb-nail illustrations are graceful.

"The Bystander" OUTDOOR LIFE SECTION.

THE DUKE OF WESTMINSTER

Who entertained the King and Queen of Spain last week at Eaton Hall during the annual polo tournament held on his estate. The King of Spain, who is a very dashing polo exponent, played for Rugby against Eaton on the second day of his visit

Ladies in the Shooting Field

By LEONARD WILLOUGHBY

Photograph] **How Ladies May Assist in the Shooting Field** [*Leonard Willoughby*

The shooter is taking cartridges from his fair carrier after a right and left

THE question as to whether ladies should come out when shooting is in progress is always a vexed one. By this I mean, ought women to come out—not to shoot, but to look on? I am frequently asked the question, and also if I consider women should themselves shoot. My firm opinion on the former is that, in the great majority of cases, it is a mistake to have them out. I do not wish to be discourteous to the sex, for whom I have unbounded admiration—barring the Suffragette section—and I, therefore, will state my reasons for vetoing them, as a whole, in the field. Shooting is, or ought to be, regarded in a serious light, and not mere frivolity or a sort of picnic, where eating, drinking, and flirting come first, and shooting only a bad second.

If, then, shooting is looked upon seriously, the good and true "gunner" is out for business, and by business I mean genuine sport. His undivided attention is given to the work in hand, and he is there to do his share effectively and quietly. He wants no companion in the butt, or at the covert-side, save his loader and a dog. Talking, then, or paying attention to ladies is not at all to his taste, for his full attention is fixed on all that is going on in front. Then, when birds begin to come quickly, he is ready and waiting, shooting calmly and steadily with an ever-increasing number of head for the subsequent pick-up. Such a man—and he is the most desirable of all in a party—is against having ladies out, or anything which may take off his attention, for the gentle sex likes talking and being listened to, and sometimes expects to be answered.

Now, on the other hand, there are many men who come out shooting and love to have ladies by their side all day, to whom they can chatter and show off. These gentlemen are not really sportsmen at heart, and generally are indifferent shots. Their clothes are of an exquisite order; they puff cigarettes the entire day, and they are altogether very pleased with themselves. One can hear their idiotic chatter and laughter in the butt, or even at the far end of a covert, till one simply despairs. When birds come they are probably in the midst of telling some fatuous story, whilst the shrill laughter of the listener penetrates afar. It is well known that "game can hear and game can see," and this being so, what is the result? The work and labours of host, keepers, and drivers is rendered useless, for game have sense enough to scent danger, and if they hear talk and see gaudy, light-coloured raiment, it is not surprising if they refuse to be coerced over the guns. Such men and women are better away from any shooting-party, and should keep to the boudoir.

There are, however, ladies who are very different from the foregoing chatterboxes. These are they who understand and love sport, and who come out for sport's sake, and not merely to be near their "best boy." Such women dress in quiet-coloured, workmanlike homespuns or tweeds, and they hold their tongues. If they accompany a "gun" to a butt, they will keep well down out of everybody's way, and absolutely refuse to speak a word. As birds begin to drop they are busy with their keen eyes, marking where each falls, and when the pick-up commences they will tell in an instant the number down and where they fell. Such women are ever welcome in the field, for they are useful to a degree. Their numbers, however, are limited.

If, then, others would follow their lead and learn to be quiet, to dress quietly, and try to help men when shooting—for there are lots of ways of doing so—men would be only too glad to see them come out as often as possible. As it is, except to lunch, their absence is eminently desirable, if sport is the first consideration. As regards women shooting, I am of opinion that this is scarcely worth consideration, for it is a sport which appeals to few.

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GOLF NOTES AND NOTIONS

The New Course at Lombartzyde

Hitherto the golfer in pursuit of his favourite game on the Continent has looked rather askance at Belgium. The courses that till now have kept the lamp of golf burning in Belgium have not been such as to tempt him to try his fortune there. But the new course at Lombartzyde will alter this condition of affairs. In company with two eminent golfing journalists I was the fortunate recipient the other day of an invitation from Monsieur Crombez, the proprietor of the ground over which the course is laid out, to stay at his charming villa at Nieuport Bains and witness the great professional competition marking the formal opening of the course. Lombartzyde is within fifteen minutes' walk from Nieuport Bains, a pretty seaside place, with lovely sands, lying about ten miles to the west of Ostend. From Ostend itself the course can be reached in about forty-five minutes, twenty minutes in an electric tram bringing you to Westende Bains, which is within two miles of Lombartzyde. It is intended as soon as possible to continue this tram line right up to the entrance of the course. When this has been done, the visitor can have his choice of staying either at Ostend or at Nieuport Bains. Those who like crowds and excitement will choose the former, while those who prefer a quiet place, with beautiful sands and safe bathing for their families, will pitch their camp at the latter, where there are one or two comfortable hotels.

"K. of K.'s" Golfing Tutor

George Sayers, brother of the famous professional, Ben Sayers, who has been coaching Lord Kitchener in his first attempts at the game at North Berwick. He declared himself astonished at the steadiness and straightness of his pupil's driving

A Belgian Sandwich

Monsieur Crombez, the owner of the golf course and of a vast extent of surrounding country, is not himself a golfer, but being an admirable business man, was much struck by the accounts he read of the marvellous effects caused by golf at Sandwich and other similar places in increasing their prosperity and adding to the value of the land. He was also struck by the similarity in aspect of the rolling stretches of sand dunes at Lombartzyde to the published descriptions of the Sandwich course and other first-class links. He called Willie Park to his counsels, and, being assured by that eminent course architect that the ground was of the right sort, gave him *carte blanche* to lay out a first-class course. Work was begun in December, 1908, Colonel Vetch, well-known as the secretary for many years at Biarritz, was appointed secretary, and an army of labourers was soon busy in transforming the sand dunes into a course. The work was considerably delayed by the bad weather of the last two winters and the wet summers, but finally things were got into such order as to admit of eight leading professionals being invited to compete for the handsome prizes to the value of £140 presented by the generous proprietor.

The Inaugural Matches

The select band consisted of Braid, Taylor, Harry Vardon, Herd, W. Park, E. Ray, John Park, and G. Charles. On Thursday, July 28, these players played thirty-six holes of medal play. Sandy Herd came out on top with rounds of 70 and 77, being closely followed by Vardon with 76 and 72, while Ray was third with 78 and 71. The next day four-ball foursomes were played over thirty-six holes, in which Vardon and J. Park halved with Taylor and Ray, while Braid and W. Park, who were in dazzling form in the first round, beat Herd and Charles by twelve and eleven to play.

Features of the Links

I had the pleasure of playing two rounds and a half on that day, so that I can speak of the course from practical experience. But I prefer to give the judgment of the great professors, who were unanimous in their praise. The course has features reminding one of the St. George's, Prince's, and Deal courses, and will, when the greens have had time to get consolidated, be well able to hold its own in comparison even with them. One alteration will, I think, have to be made. The last hole, which is merely a chip shot, will have to be eliminated, leaving the seventeenth, which is superb, as the last hole. Another hole will have to be worked in somewhere, a fairly easy task, as there is so much ground available. The holes are all remarkably good, and have plenty of variety in character and length. There is a comfortable club-house close to the first tee; Philpot, the son of the well-known Philpot of Mitcham, is resident professional; and there are plenty of little Belgian caddies of both sexes, who are rapidly acquiring a thorough knowledge of their profession. I prophesy a great future for the Lombartzyde course. It is easily the finest course on the Continent, and a worthy rival of some of our best courses.

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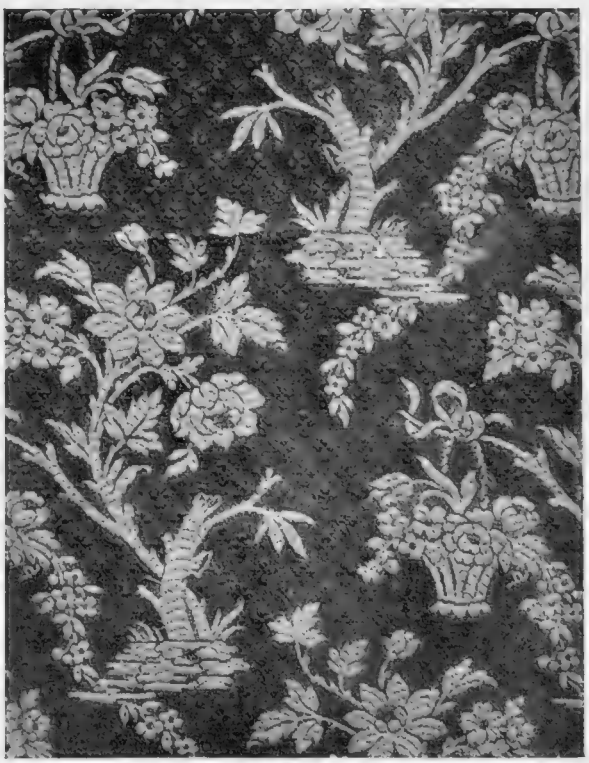

Reproduction of an English Spitalfields tapestry. *Circa 1760.* Width 52in. .. .. **4/9** yd.

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PATTERNS ON APPLICATION.

Cricket, Croquet, and Lawn Tennis

The Rise of Surrey

Since the beginning of the Canterbury Cricket Week the position of the counties—except for the leader—has altered in quite a startling manner. Middlesex, who were then second on the list, promptly proceeded to fall down several places, while Surrey leapt up from sixth to second. One of the explanations of the rise of Surrey may be found in the fact that they possess the most remarkable bowler of the year in W. C. Smith, otherwise known as "Razor," who took his two hundredth wicket for the season against Northamptonshire last week—a match in which he had the fairly useful record of 11 for 47. Kent had a very nasty jar from Somerset, that extraordinary county which is at any moment liable to beat the best opponents or be beaten by the worst, and which actually did defeat the champions last year. But that capital match-player Carr just saved them when they seemed absolutely "in the cart."

"Razor" Smith
The wonderful Surrey bowler, who took his 200th wicket for the season last week in the Northamptonshire match, in which his record was 11 wickets for 47 runs

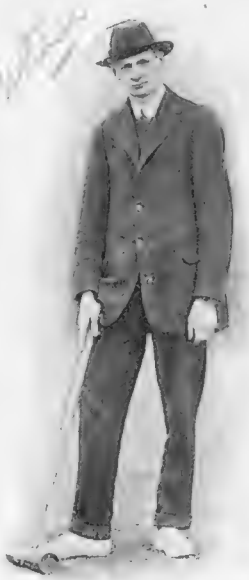
The Virtues of Croquet

While cricket, football, and other sports live in the full blaze of the limelight, and even the trousers worn by eminent golfers are publicly discussed, the game of croquet remains untrumpeted, and comparatively few of the general public have even heard the croquet champion's name. Yet this pastime (which is still in some minds irrevocably associated with curates) demands some of the finest qualities of eye, nerve, and tactics that can be required of any man or woman. And the last words remind one of another virtue—that it is the only game in which men and women admittedly meet on really equal terms. Hence, perhaps, these sneers.

R. C. J. Beaton
One of the best-known figures in croquet. He was Champion in 1904 and 1907, and has won numerous other honours

The "Upper Ten"

This week there is being held at Roehampton one of the big events of the year, the Champion Cup meeting. The Cup itself is quite a new thing as croquet goes—it only dates back ten years—and the competition for it is very select, being confined to the ten best players of the year, as chosen by the Croquet Association. This year's ten include C. L. O'Callaghan, the champion and last year's Cup winner, and that famous figure in the croquet world, R. C. J. Beaton, who won the Cup in 1905. Mrs. Beaton, who has gained so many successes with her husband, was invited to join the "Upper Ten," but was unable to accept.



H. Corbally
Gold Medallist, 1908-1909, a former Mixed Doubles winner, and one of the selected ten for the Champion Cup

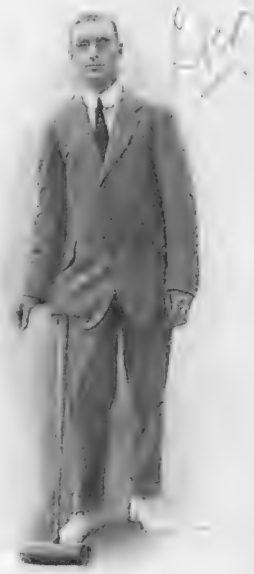
SOME OF THE "UPPER TEN" AT CROQUET

Holiday Lawn Tennis

What one may call the holiday season for lawn tennis is now in full swing, and I am not at all sure that it does not produce some of the very best play of the year. For one thing, the sun having shone several times since May 1, everybody has now had the opportunity of enough grass play to get properly into form. And for another, as we are all now gentlemen more or less at large, competitors—even if they be the busiest of solicitors—do not come rushing in heatedly for important events half an hour late and with the red brand of a recent top-hat upon their fevered brows. And even for those who do not play up to "pot" form there is always the possibility at the chief tournaments of qualifying for one of the famous Mass rackets presented by The Bystander to the most meritorious umpire, and at the same time unselfishly conferring a boon upon their still struggling fellow-men.

The Champion at Play

Even our new champion, Wilding, after a prolonged absence from tournaments, has been making a re-appearance at Ostend, where he naturally carried all before him. It is reported, by the way, that he is not at all a certain starter for the Davis Cup, and a letter purporting to be from him which is going the rounds in Australia certainly supports this idea. It is well known that he has very definite views as to the venue for the competition which have not been met by the arrangements made. Another notable figure at recent meetings is Mrs. Larcombe, who as Miss Thomson was very much in the running for the Ladies' Championship, yet somehow never quite got there — mainly through temperament, I fancy, for she was as good as the best. She has just become Scottish lady champion.



C. L. O'Callaghan
The Champion for 1910, and present holder of the Champion Cup, which he won for the first time last year

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RACING: Jockeys and Jockeyship. By CARBINE

Plant's Bad Luck

Every racegoer is heartily glad to know that Plant is going on satisfactorily after his terrible smash. On the evening of the accident the odds seemed to be all against the little fellow, but these jockeys are necessarily so fit and hard that as a rule they manage to get over injuries which would certainly kill any ordinary man. By the way, it was rather amusing last week to hear people asking how the "little boy" was progressing. Although he can ride at somewhere about 6st., Plant happens to be a married man and a happy father, so he is a pretty precocious boy! The Kempton Park people were very unfairly criticised on the subject of the accident. Some writers termed them inhuman because the jockey was allowed to remain where he fell nearly half an hour before being taken to the racecourse hospital. The Kempton Park management was likewise vilified because no horse ambulance is provided at their meeting. The facts, however, confound the critics. Firstly, the medical opinion is that Plant would probably have succumbed had he been moved earlier. Secondly, no horse ambulance is used at Kempton because upon expert advice hand ambulances are more comfortable and better for those who are unlucky enough to have to be carried in them.

Mr. S. Joel's Sunder (right)

One of the handsomest horses in training, winning the St. James's Stakes of £1,500 at Kempton last Thursday from Mr. Howard's Willonyx and Mr. Cunliffe's William Rex. Wm. Griggs rode the winner

Riders and Their Nerve

One is the more sorry for Plant because he happened to be riding at the top of his form up to the time of his mishap. He is the strongest horseman for his size that I know, and if I had a lightly weighted horse who really wanted riding I should like to have either F. Wootton or Plant. The latter has often shown his good judgment in making full use of his weight by driving his mount strongly to the front early in the race and cutting out such a pace that the others could never catch him. In this way he won the Duke of York Stakes at Kempton on old Simonson. A sad sequel to bad riding accidents is that jockeys, while fully recovered in other ways, often lose their nerve. That was the case with Jimmy Woodburn and other brilliant horsemen whose names will suggest themselves to my readers.

Maher's Supremacy

After his fortnight's holiday Maher resumes riding at Stockton this week. In spite of Wootton's rise to fame, the American's reputation has never suffered. Critics who have never worn a racing jacket have averred that "Danny" has ridden some ill-judged races on Bayardo, but I would rather accept his judgment of the horse's capabilities and whims than the opinion of his journalistic advisers. So far as can be judged, Maher's horsemanship and knowledge of pace are as good as anything ever seen on the British Turf, though as a finisher he, perhaps, lacks the inspiration of Fred Archer and the "devil" of George Fordham. The latter was the champion "kidder" of his time, and Maher is his prophet. When he won at Liverpool on Yellow Slave he fairly "sold" the other jockeys, who imagined Maher was working hard on the filly, whereas she was travelling quite comfortably, and had a bit left at the finish. I heard a good judge say that Maher would have won that race on any of the four leading horses. Frank Wootton, of course, is marvellously good, but Maher can still teach the boy some things.

This Week's Racing

Seaforth, who belongs to lucky young Mr. Dermot McCalmont, is engaged in the Hardwicke Stakes at Stockton on Wednesday, and I expect he will win should it be decided to send him on the long journey from Wiltshire. In his absence **Cyrilla** may achieve a popular local victory for Lord Londonderry. On the same afternoon the Stewards' Handicap may be taken by **Darraidou.** I think **Winkipop** will win either the Durham County Plate on Thursday or the Hurst Park Lennox Plate on Saturday, but in her absence the event at Stockton may fall to **Roedean.** At Hurst Park on Friday **San Nicolas** may win the August Plate, and on the following day **Delirium** is my selection for the interesting Champion Sprint Handicap.

"A Turf Topic."—We are hearing much of the horse just now; of the shortage in the Army where the four-footed warrior is still an essential, and of man's ingratitude to his worn-out friend. As long, however, as England breeds the racehorse there will be a section of the public who will uphold our equine traditions, and, moreover, treat the old and useless worker, let us say, in a sportsmanlike way. Those who patronise the horse in his sporting aspect will do well to consult Mr. D. M. Gant's new booklet. Mr. Gant is the well-known commission agent of 25, Conduit Street, W., and the pioneer of the "no limit" and "no commission" system. His admirably got-up booklet, "A Great Institution," gives, among other facts, a number of testimonials which go to prove that fair dealing, courtesy, and a clear, straightforward method of business have won for Mr. Gant his present successful position.

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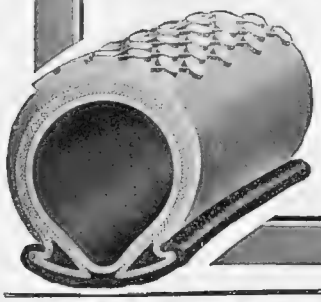

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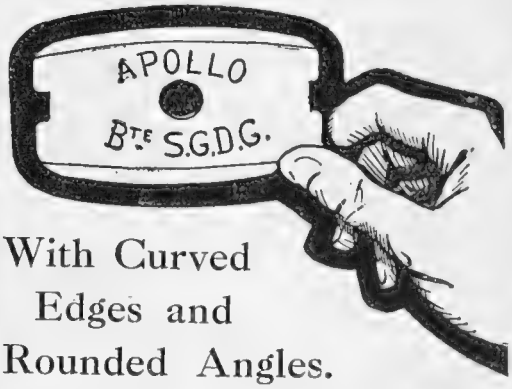

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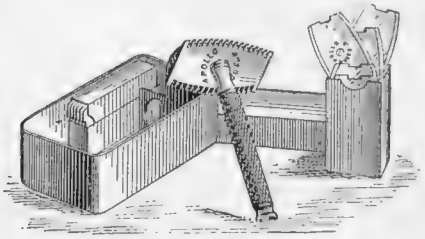

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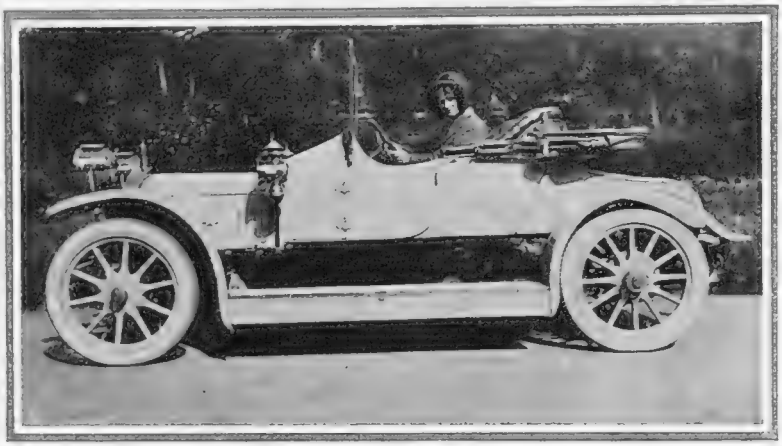
Finance and Flying

Blackpool lost upon the first part of its aviation meeting an estimated amount of £10,000. The second and concluding part looks no more hopeful for a successful financial issue. Spectators in their hundreds of thousands gathered to witness the flights, but sat them down without the wooden walls of the aerodrome, knowing quite well that directly the flyer commenced to justify his name he would be in sight. In other connections this action on the part of the spectators would be commended for something akin to commercial acumen. To "buy cheap and sell dear" is of the essence of good business. We can hardly, therefore, rail at the people for parsimony. They were buying cheap. They might have paid money and then seen nothing. If they preferred to take advantage of the opportunity of reversing the usual order and see something (if it happened to be going) by paying nothing, who shall blame them? It is unfortunate for the promoters of the meeting, but I am afraid it cannot be helped. Bournemouth was no better, and although attendances are excellent, I see no great hope of Lanark telling a materially different story.



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The Menace

These three meetings must, however, have given the observer concerned with matters of national importance most furiously to think. The cross-country race in France to the German frontier and back, a matter of 500 miles (uncompleted at the moment of writing), must multiply the concern. In expert hands the aeroplane is gradually growing to a menace. Grahame White dominated the Fleet in the South. He carried despatches in and out in the North. Passengers on the machines in flight have made observations and sketches, taken photographs, dropped missiles upon given spots within a few feet of the mark, and generally demonstrated that, if the hour when the whole conditions of warfare will be revolutionised, and red ruin rained upon us from the heavens, is not at hand, it is approaching at no palsied pace. It is time to face the facts.

A Capacious Cabriolet

An effective body on an efficient chassis. The 18 h.-p. Bedford owned by Mr. R. Noblett, of Manchester

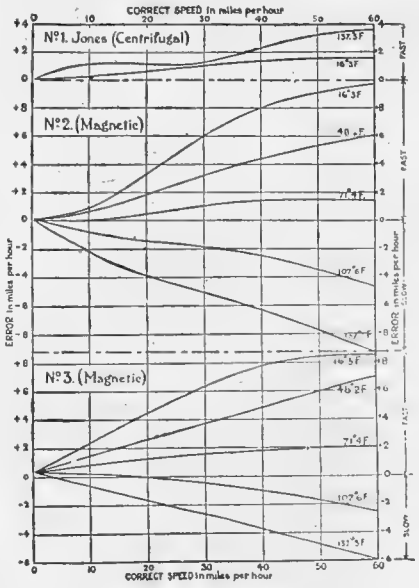
The Need for Vigilance

We may dismiss the dirigible. That is not the terror. Willows' voyage from Cardiff to London, the Zeppelin and other flights, notwithstanding, the dirigible, except under favourable conditions, need not count. Its bulk in fine, and its helplessness in rough, weather militate against its effectiveness. Development *may* make it a weapon of offence, but development *will* make the aeroplane such. We need not be alarmists to see horror coming across the horizon. We are rapidly outgrowing the period of halting experiment. The dominion of the air is being conquered, and against the conqueror the mistress of the seas stands impotent, though she command ten thousand ships of war. Why worry, wrote the head scribe of an organ of fatuity when the matter was first mooted two years ago, why worry? The Hague Convention will prevent that sort of calamity happening! Blind leader of the blind. The Hague Convention is sounding brass and tinkling cymbal. The Powers are building planes—for what? They are schooling squads of soldiery in aviation—why? Because they remember what we have, it seems,

forgotten, although it was man of ours who framed the thought in a phrase — the price of peace is eternal vigilance. Vigilance and readiness. The time for action is come.

Speedometer Vagaries

In the matter of speedometers, certain grave and reverend professors of the physical laboratory of Columbia University have plunged us into a state of perturbation. Just as the "silent witness" was coming to be accepted as indisputable evidence by certain law administrators upon whom the light of reason had dawned, we are faced by the fact (savant salved) that the magnetic type of speedometer in quite common use is susceptible to variations in temperature—over recording in cold weather and under recording in hot. In such circumstances the possibilities of a prosecution for exceeding the speed-limit are not exhilarating to the motorist concerned, although they well prove vastly diverting to the outsider. Apparently the unfortunate motorist who uses a magnetic type of speedometer will have to carry a thermometer around with him and keep an hourly record of variations in temperature.



Speedometer Variations

Chart showing the variations from accuracy under differing temperatures of two types of speedometer. It will be observed that while the Jones centrifugal type remains practically constant, the magnetic types vary considerably

The way of escape seems to be to fit a speedometer on the centrifugal principle, against which not even the cold calculations of the scientist can find cause for serious complaint. As a matter of fact, the investigation at Columbia University referred to constituted a big testimonial to the efficacy of the Jones (centrifugal) machine used in making the comparative tests. As the chart shows, its variations under a wide range of atmospheric conditions were a negligible quantity, while the other two instruments on the magnetic principle varied as the temperature varied from 78° Fahr.

Miscellanea

The Continental Tyre and Rubber Company inform us that their first edition of the Road Atlas for Germany and Middle Europe has been entirely exhausted, thus necessitating the printing of a second edition. This is now ready, and has been corrected and brought thoroughly up to date. It contains key map, forty-six different sections and seventeen special maps, and covers the country from Copenhagen in the North to Milan in the South, and from Paris in the West to Warsaw in the East. The price is 4s. per copy. We should advise motorists who intend touring in this territory to apply immediately for a copy to the Continental Tyre and Rubber Company, 102-108, Clerkenwell Road.

The Collecting of Antique Furniture

THERE is no more engrossing pursuit than the collection of the antique, and more especially antique furniture. For in addition to the satisfaction of acquiring rare specimens for their own sake and historic interest, furniture is both useful and decorative. It is a well-known fact that a collector finds his hobby so fascinating that he spares no pains and trouble in pursuing it. He will tramp miles to visit an old cottage, where he will examine an alleged rare specimen. I use the word "alleged" advisedly, because we have all heard of the unwily amateur who pays the cottage owner a big price for a specimen that he afterwards finds to be valueless. He would have been far better advised to have gone to some reputable firm and obtained good value for his money, rejoicing in the knowledge that the purchased article is genuine.

An Old Marquet Queen Anne Chair in Original Condition

At Messrs. Bartholomew and Fletcher's, 217 and 218, Tottenham Court Road

I have in my mind that well-known Tottenham Court Road house, Messrs. Bartholomew and Fletcher.

I have at the moment of writing a little booklet issued by them, entitled "Furniture in the Past and Now," which contains some very interesting letterpress and illustrations. One of the latter, which, being a man myself, appeals strongly to me, is that of a man's wardrobe of the Sheraton period. It is an exceedingly fine example, and is priced at £30. Then there is a fascinating old oak Jacobean dresser, 6ft. 6in. long, which may be obtained for £22 10s., while for 45 guineas the collector may become the proud possessor of a fine specimen of a William and Mary cabinet of inlaid walnut in original condition. In short, a visit to 217 and 218, Tottenham Court Road is imperative.

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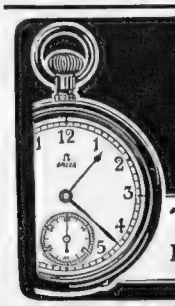

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A Retrospect

SAVE for that leavening of good taste which English gentlewomen can never leave out, dress might have been written down as having, during the past six months, touched the pinnacle of a grotesqueness that literally defies calm description. The only wonder is that women were not strewn about like flies, victims of their own idiocy, in wearing skirts so tight as frequently to precipitate them full-length out of taxis and ball-room bodices. Everyone had their own particular version of the lady who, on having a hansom called up, found herself physically incapable of reaching the first rather high step. Amidst the titters of the surrounding multitude, cabby was paid his 1*s.* and departed, richer alike in money and a hearty laugh.

In another case, the truth of which I can personally vouch, a skirt slit up from waist to hem at one side, exposing to view—well, we will not go into details. Or take again the transparent, veiled corsage, adopted irrespective of climatic conditions. This enjoyed discreetly, as I have been urged to point out very often, is an artistic delight. But it was never intended to be carried to such an excess as it has been, and still is.

The Transparent Corsage

It was never destined, I am sure, to be worn uncovered by ladies travelling by tube or train. I recall an experience I had one morning when every tube or motor-omnibus seemed to be occupied by stout ladies in transparent bodices. I am still hoping it was only pink chiffon I was looking at. The abuse to which the transparent bodice has been put might justifiably have placed it beyond the pale of consideration. Fortunately, however, it has been saved by the better and more refined understanding of that section of English Society who have no desire to emulate the appearance of the variety stage chorus girl.

Similarly with the narrow skirt. Caricatured and rendered in every possible way hideous, this, it is generally maintained, will hold a firm position in the coming autumn campaign. But, mark you, without any suggestion of a tied-in exaggeration. It will be an effect rather than a realised narrowness, and will be likely to cause consternation in the less ably equipped workrooms. We are to have sufficient room in which to move both feet, and without kicking up the hem at the back with the heels, as, under the ugly conditions at present prevailing, is quite inevitable. Truly it may be said what is one season's meat is another season's poison. Imagine the indignation we should have experienced had a dressmaker sent us home a skirt only two years back skimped in every line and deliberately without shape!

An Effective Silhouette

This tailor-made costume, with huge pockets and a rolled-back Byronic collar as its distinctive features, is extremely attractive. The hat is appropriate, and finishes a very correct silhouette from top to toe

(Sketched by Dorothy Millar)

A Few Advance Tailor-Mades

These have obligingly come my way, and in no single instance have I observed the unduly narrowed skirt. There is unquestionably a feeling for broad, flat-kilted backs allied to straight fronts, another supremely taking little *jupe* having a similarly bold-pleated flounce put on about 4in. below the knee.

A curious fancy, and one for which I cannot, at present, predict finding much favour, comprises a coat and skirt, say of velveteen or *moire*, the latter revealing, when the coat is removed, a short top of some entirely different material. Thus, in the case of a deep sapphire-blue velveteen, the top of the skirt from the waist to just below the hip-line was of *charmeuse*. The latter looked entirely inconsequent, not to say patchy, but as a faithful chronicler, I am bound to record its presence.

THE
BYSTANDER
ILLUSTRATED

No. 350.—Vol. XXVII. Wednesday, August 17, 1910 [Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper]

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By KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY.

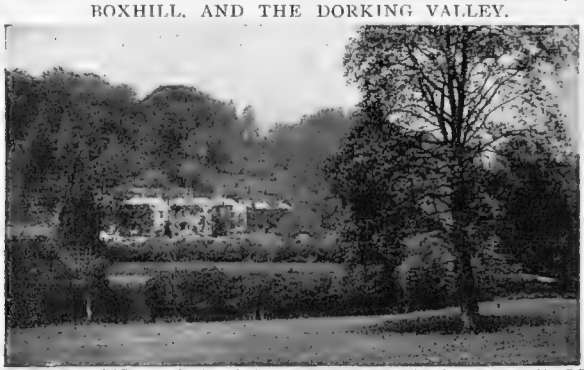
"COOMBE LODGE," NEAR BRENTWOOD.

ESSEX (most conveniently situated 2 miles from Brentwood Station, from whence the City is reached in about ½ hour by express service).

The Residence stands nearly 400ft. above sea level, in finely timbered grounds and park, through which it is approached by a long drive with lodge entrance. The Mansion contains: lounge hall, 4 reception rooms, billiard room, 18 bedrooms, bathroom, etc.; excellent stabling and cottages; home farm with farmhouse and buildings; a pair of quaint old cottages, dating from Charles I. period, and suitable for conversion into a gentleman's week-end residence; valuable frontages for development, the whole extending to about 200 ACRES. Illustrated particulars on application.—The Auctioneers' Offices, 20, Hanover Square, W.; Solicitors, Messrs. DAWES and SONS, 9 and 10, Angel Court, E.C.

50 MINUTES SOUTH OF LONDON.

DELIGHTFUL VIEWS OF THE LEITH HILL RANGE, BOXHILL, AND THE DORKING VALLEY.



TO BE SOLD, a finely timbered RESIDENTIAL ESTATE OF 177 acres, comprising a fine old House of

ABOUT THE XVIIth CENTURY,

surrounded by magnificently timbered grounds and parklike lands of 177 acres, through which it is approached by a long avenue of forest trees, with lodge entrance. The accommodation comprises: entrance and inner halls, 5 reception rooms of excellent dimensions, 24 bed and dressing rooms, bathrooms, etc.; stabling for 7 horses, with coach-houses, etc., and coachman's cottage. The grounds are quite a feature, the large extent of woodlands providing delightful walks; lakes affording boating and trout fishing.—Plan and detailed particulars of KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY, 20, Hanover Square, W. (4,442)

UNDER 1 HOUR FROM TOWN.

TO BE SOLD, the above commodious RESIDENCE, pleasantly placed in grounds of about 20 ACRES. It is approached by an AVENUE DRIVE of some 150 yards in length, and the accommodation comprises: 3 good reception rooms, 12 bedrooms, 2 bathrooms, and the usual offices; stabling for 4, coach-house, harness room, etc.; cottage; the grounds include 4 tennis courts, orchards, and meadow-land. Moderate price.—Full particulars of the Agents, Messrs. KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY, 20, Hanover Square, W. (4,752)

ABOUT 20 MILES NORTH OF LONDON.

QUITE IN THE COUNTRY.

A BEAUTIFUL RESIDENTIAL ESTATE OF OVER 300 ACRES.

TO BE SOLD, a compact PROPERTY, with beautiful grounds, parkland, and woodlands, with a fine Residence, approached by a long drive, and containing: panelled hall and 5 reception rooms, about 14 bedrooms, 2 bathrooms, etc; practically every modern convenience is installed, including

ELECTRIC LIGHT THROUGHOUT.

First-rate stabling for 10 horses, lodge, and cottages; the grounds are very beautiful, and include

FINE FLOWER GARDENS, LAWNS, LAKE, ETC.

They are divided from the park by a ha-ha fence; model farmery.—Full particulars of KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY, 20, Hanover Square, W.

BETWEEN HARROGATE AND YORK.

Shooting over from 1,000 to 2,000 acres adjoining could be rented.

TO BE SOLD, a RESIDENTIAL ESTATE of 178 acres, including the above beautiful modern Mansion, of Elizabethan design, standing in a prettily timbered park of about 100 acres, and fitted with every convenience and comfort. Accommodation: splendid suite of 6 reception rooms, with some beautiful oak panelling, 23 light bedrooms, dressing rooms, and bathrooms; electric light installed; stabling for 8 horses; historic sixteenth-century monk's house; model farmery; first-rate hunting, fishing, and golf.—Illustrated particulars of KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY, 20, Hanover Square, W.

ON A SOUTHERN SLOPE OF THE ASHDOWN FOREST.

HOUSE, GROUNDS, AND PARK OF ABOUT 100 ACRES, OR THE COMPACT ESTATE OF 1,200 ACRES WOULD BE SOLD AS A WHOLE.

The situation is one of the most beautiful in Sussex.

AWAY FROM THE MAIN ROADS. ELECTRIC LIGHT THROUGHOUT.

THE HOUSE, as shown in the accompanying picture, is stone-built and of Elizabethan character, and contains: 4 reception rooms, billiard room, 24 bed and dressing rooms, 2 bathrooms, etc.; stabling for 7 horses; terraced lawns and lovely old gardens.—Photographs and plan of KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY, 20, Hanover Square, W (4,211)

TELEGRAMS: "Galleries, London."

KNIGHT, FRANK AND RUTLEY

Offices: 20, HANOVER SQUARE, LONDON, W.

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MESSRS. WALTON & LEE,

10, MOUNT STREET, GROSVENOR SQUARE, LONDON, W.

Telegraphic Address: "WALTONS, LONDON."

FISHING BOX ON THE TEST.
PRICE, £2,000 ONLY.

HAMPSHIRE.—A picturesque Sixteenth-Century timbered FARMHOUSE, with right of fishing for about 3 miles on the River Test, well stocked and preserved. House in excellent order, and contains: 5 bedrooms, dressing room, bath (h. and c.), 3 sitting rooms, and offices; gas; two-stall stabling and coachman's rooms; good gardens: 2 miles from station.—WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount Street, W. (24,326)

OXFORDSHIRE (in the centre of the Bicester Hunt, about 2 miles and 3 miles respectively from Bicester Stations on the G.W.R. and L. and N.W.R., and within 4 miles of Finmere Station on the G.C.R.)—The very valuable FREEHOLD RESIDENTIAL PROPERTY known as the

"STRATTON AUDLEY HALL ESTATE,"

comprising the above widely known mansion house, for many years the residence of Masters of the Bicester Hounds, including the late Lord Chesham, splendidly timbered pleasure grounds with first-class stabling for 22 or more horses, a gentleman's hunting box known as "The Thatched House," with stabling for 11 horses; 2 capital small holdings and 3 convenient blocks of accommodation land; first-class hunting and golf.

MESSRS. WALTON and LEE

will OFFER the above for SALE by AUCTION, at the King's Arms Hotel, Bicester, on Friday, September 30, 1910, at 3 o'clock, as a whole, or in lots as under (unless previously sold).

Lot	a.	r.	p.
1.—Stratton Audley Hall, grounds, and stabling	9	2	20
2.—Hunting stables, house, and paddock	4	0	27
3.—The Thatched House, grounds, and stabling	7	3	38
4.—Accommodation land	19	1	32
5.—Ditto	25	3	37
6.—Ditto	55	3	39
7.—Small holding	88	3	30
8.—Ditto	42	2	20
	254	3	3

—Particulars of Messrs. MARKBY, STEWART and Co., Solicitors, 57, Coleman Street, E.C.; or of the Auctioneers, 10, Mount Street, London, W.

SHROPSHIRE BORDERS.

£2,500 WILL BUY the above well-appointed modern RESIDENCE, in a capital sporting district, near Oswestry and Shrewsbury. It stands 550ft. above sea level, and contains: hall, OAK-PANELLED DINING ROOM, drawing room, 7 bed and dressing rooms, bath (h. and c.); well-arranged gardens and grounds, walled-in kitchen garden, field with river frontage, in all about 4 acres; stabling and motor-house; boating, bathing, trout fishing; near golf.—WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount Street, W. (24,458)

SUFFOLK.

IPSWICH (8 miles from).—The above GEORGIAN HOUSE, with 2 cottages; stabling for 4; well-timbered grounds, walled kitchen garden, glasshouses, etc., in all 3 ACRES, for SALE. Price, £2,800. 10 bedrooms, bath (h. and c.), 4 reception rooms, hall, and offices; acetylene gas; modern drainage; good hunting; shooting in district.—WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount Street, W. (24,396)

HAMPSHIRE.

ROMSEY (near).—The above attractive Country HOUSE, high on gravel, in grounds of 5 ACRES, to be SOLD at the REDUCED PRICE OF £3,000; beautifully situated with fine views; ¾ mile from station, 10 from Winchester: 11 bed and dressing rooms, 2 bathrooms, 3 reception rooms, conservatory, lounge hall with fireplace, ample offices; gas and water laid on; stabling, motor-house, cottage; pretty but inexpensive grounds, tennis courts, kitchen garden, etc.—WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount Street, W. (22,918)

NORTH HAMPSHIRE (near a celebrated old-world village, equidistant 2½ miles from Winchfield and Fleet stations, 12 from Basingstoke, about an hour from London).—£5,250 will PURCHASE the above old-fashioned COUNTRY HOUSE, with modern additions, standing high, but sheltered, on gravel, with extensive and pretty views; attractive, well-timbered, inexpensive grounds of 3½ acres, walled kitchen gardens, and productive meadow-land of about 21 ACRES; stabling for 3, 2 motor-houses, farmery, capital 6-roomed cottage; 10 bed and dressing rooms, bathroom (h. and c.), 3 reception rooms, conservatory, lounge hall with fireplace, ample offices; modern drainage, gas, Company's water; hunting, shooting, fishing, golf. OR WOULD BE SOLD WITH 3½ ACRES ONLY.—Inspected and recommended by Messrs. WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount Street, W. (24,499)

L. & N.W. RY. Main Line (35 minutes from London, 300ft. above sea, on gravel).—3,000 GUINEAS will PURCHASE a genuine old-fashioned GEORGIAN RESIDENCE, beautifully situated in a rural district, with old-world grounds, croquet lawn, walled kitchen gardens, etc.: 9 bed and dressing rooms, bathroom, 3 good reception rooms, quaint hall, conservatory, and small billiard room, ample offices; Company's water, gas, main drainage; stabling for 5 horses; mile from station.—WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount Street, W. (24,550)

BEAUTIFUL VIEWS OVER THAMES VALLEY.

THIS ARTISTIC RESIDENCE, standing nearly 400FT. HIGH,

FOR SALE WITH 9 ACRES,

at a sacrificial price.

Company's water; gravel soil; 100 yds. from road; hall, PANELLED dining room, drawing room, study, 6 bedrooms, bathroom, boxroom (or extra bedrooms);

3-ROOMED COTTAGE;

stabling and coach-house; good drainage.—WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount Street, W (24,570)

NORTH DEVON.

Within easy reach of Exeter and Taunton.

A BARGAIN.

£1,400 WILL PURCHASE this choice Freehold RESIDENCE, and over 3 ACRES of charming grounds: hall and 4 reception rooms, 9 bed and dressing rooms, 2 conservatories, and large schoolroom; stabling and coach-houses; 4 cottages, let and producing £20 per annum; fishing, hunting, shooting in district.—WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount Street, W. (24,473)

15 MILES FROM TOWN,
IN A SECLUDED SITUATION,
NEAR A VILLAGE, ABOUT ½ MILE
FROM A STATION ON THE G.W.R.

TO BE SOLD, Freehold, a valuable RESIDENTIAL PROPERTY, extending to nearly 37 ACRES, and comprising a delightful old-fashioned RESIDENCE, in first-rate order: 4 reception rooms, 10 bed and dressing rooms, bathroom; entrance lodge, cottages, stabling, and farmery; gas and Company's water laid on; electric light if desired; old-world pleasure grounds of undulating character, forming a very delightful feature; woodland walks, shady lawns, and kitchen garden. The property would be sold in its entirety, or offers for smaller areas would be considered, or the Residence would be LET, Unfurnished, with 7 or more acres.—Inspected and recommended by Messrs. WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount Street, W. Photos and plan. (24,448)

MESSRS. WALTON & LEE, LAND AGENTS, AUCTIONEERS, & SURVEYORS,

Telephones: 1505 MAYFAIR. 3645 GERRARD } 10, MOUNT STREET, GROSVENOR SQUARE, LONDON, W. { Telegrams: "WALTONS, LONDON."

Telegrams: "Everything, London"

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Telephone: Kensington 3300 (60 lines).

ESTATE AGENTS — BROMPTON ROAD, S.W. — AUCTIONEERS

A REALLY EXQUISITE PROPERTY AT A VERY LOW PRICE.

RICHMOND PARK (close to).—To be SOLD, the above exceptionally well-built RESIDENCE, standing in pretty grounds of 1½ acres. It contains: 7 bed and dressing rooms, 3 reception rooms, bath, etc.; stabling for 2; cottage; gas and water laid on.—Inspected and strongly recommended by HARRODS (Ltd.), as above.

£1,800 (facing Purley Beeches).—An attractive Modern RESIDENCE, commanding pretty views, and standing in grounds of ¾ of an acre; specially levelled tennis lawn, kitchen and flower garden: 5 bedrooms, 1 dining room, bathroom; gas and electric light; well fitted, nicely decorated; every modern convenience; or would be SOLD as it stands, beautifully furnished.—Inspected and strongly recommended by HARRODS (Ltd.), as above.

A VERY GREAT BARGAIN.
Commanding Lovely Views.

£950.—**BATTLE, SUSSEX.**—An attractive Freehold RESIDENCE, standing in pretty grounds of about 1 acre: lounge hall, reception room (28ft. 10in. by 15ft.), 2 other sitting rooms, 5 bedrooms, bathroom, studio; stable and cottage.—Inspected and strongly recommended by HARRODS (Ltd.), as above.

MUST BE SOLD.
By order of the Executors.

£1,800 **WILL PURCHASE** an excellent COUNTRY RESIDENCE, within 17 miles south of London, in high and healthy position, close to golf links: 4 reception, 9 bed and dressing, bathroom; stabling; pretty grounds of 1¾ acres.—Inspected and strongly recommended by HARRODS (Ltd.), as above.

HANTS (in a lovely district near Fleet).—To be SOLD or LET, Unfurnished, the above attractive little RESIDENCE standing in PRETTY WELL-TIMBERED GROUNDS OF 3¼ ACRES: lounge hall, 3 reception, 7 bed and dressing rooms, bathroom; motor-house, etc. Price, £2,000. Rent, £120.—Agents, HARRODS (Ltd.), as above.

SURREY (400ft. above sea level).—To be SOLD, the above charming OLD-FASHIONED RESIDENCE, in excellent repair, occupying one of the finest positions in the Home Counties: entrance hall and dining room (oak panelled), 3 other reception rooms, 15 bedrooms, 4 baths, etc: exquisite GROUNDS AND PARK OF 36 ACRES; stabling, motor-house, groom's rooms, cottage, farmery, glasshouses, etc.—Strongly recommended by HARRODS (Ltd.), as above. (1,022)

TO BE LET, FURNISHED.

45 MINUTES FROM CITY.

THIS CHARMING RESIDENCE, on high ground, facing South, to LET for Winter or one year: 9 bed, bath, 3 reception rooms; stabling 4; large gardens.

CAPITAL HUNTING.

300 acres' shooting by arrangement.—Inspected and strongly recommended by HARRODS (Ltd.), as above.

SUFFOLK (gravel soil, absolutely sheltered situation).—Charming old-fashioned RESIDENCE, in beautifully timbered grounds.

300 ACRES—CAPITAL MIXED SHOOTING.

15 bed, bath, 4 reception rooms; stabling 6. LOW RENT FOR THE WINTER OR LONGER.—Inspected and strongly recommended by HARRODS (Ltd.), as above. (1,934)

HANTS (Winchfield).—To LET, for 6 weeks from Sept. 12, charming old RESIDENCE, in picturesque grounds: 12 bed, bath, 4 reception rooms; stabling 6. Rent, 12gns. per week. Horse and 2 maids left.—Inspected and strongly recommended by HARRODS (Ltd.), as above. (2,655)

BLACKMORE VALE (hunting 6 days a week).—Well-furnished HUNTING BOX to LET for Season: 3 reception, 5 and servants' bedrooms, bath; 5 loose boxes; tennis lawn, pretty gardens.—All details of the Agents, HARRODS (Ltd.), as above. (F 2,904)

12 MILES FROM LONDON (near excellent golf course).—To be SOLD, the above old-fashioned RESIDENCE, occupying an entirely secluded position in matured grounds of nearly 5 ACRES. It contains: 3 reception, 9 bedrooms, bathroom, etc.; electric light; main drainage; Company's water; stabling for 2; beautiful gardens, tennis court, vinery, forcing-house, and meadowland. Very moderate price.—Full particulars of Box K 3,938, THE BYSTANDER, Tallis St., E.C.

35 MINUTES FROM TOWN.—To be SOLD, a well-built RESIDENCE, occupying a pleasant position in grounds of about 10 acres. The accommodation comprises: billiard and 3 reception rooms, 9 bed and dressing rooms, bathroom, etc.; Company's gas and water: main drainage: stabling for 3, coach-house, harness room, and man's room. The grounds contain many varieties of ornamental timber, including oak, acacia, silver birch, arbutus, etc., rose garden, productive kitchen garden, well-stocked orchard, wilderness garden, and good meadow-land; gardener's cottage; 2 cowhouses, pigstye, etc.—Box K 4,190, THE BYSTANDER, Tallis Street, E.C.

OVERLOOKING WELL-KNOWN GOLF LINKS. HIGH SITUATION ON SAND SOIL.

40 MINUTES FROM LONDON.—To be SOLD, a well-built RESIDENCE, offering exceptional attractions to golfers, commanding practically the whole of the links and within 300 yards of the club-house: 3 reception rooms, 9 bedrooms, 2 bathrooms, good offices, etc.; pretty grounds with full-sized tennis and croquet lawns.

£3,500 FREEHOLD.

—Box K 4,738, THE BYSTANDER, Tallis St., E.C.

500 FT. ABOVE THE SEA, ON SANDY SOIL.

£4,300 will PURCHASE a well-built modern RESIDENCE, situated between Tunbridge Wells and Eastbourne, on the summit of a hill, commanding beautiful views. Accommodation: lounge hall, 3 reception, 8 bed and dressing rooms, bathroom, etc.; stabling for 2, and men's rooms; well-wooded grounds of over 6 ACRES, tennis court, clumps of rhododendrons, wilderness walk, kitchen garden, and orchard.—Box K 4,717, THE BYSTANDER, Tallis Street, E.C.

HANTS (Andover).—To be SOLD or LET, Furnished, an attractive RESIDENCE, standing in pretty grounds of 1¼ acres, with tennis lawn, flower garden, kitchen garden, etc.; 3 reception rooms, 8 bedrooms, bathroom, etc.; stabling for 4 horses; cottage; gas and water laid on.—Box H, THE BYSTANDER, Tallis Street, E.C.

HATFIELD PEVEREL, ESSEX (3 miles from Witham, 6 from Chelmsford, and 1½ from station, and 60 minutes' ride from London).—To be LET, with immediate possession, "MOWDEN HALL," pleasantly situated RESIDENCE with 4 reception rooms, 10 bed and dressing rooms, bathroom, good domestic accommodation; tennis lawn, vinery, and kitchen garden, etc.; coachman's cottage and excellent stabling, good water supply and drainage.—Further particulars, STAFFORD and ROGERS, Ltd., Bedford.

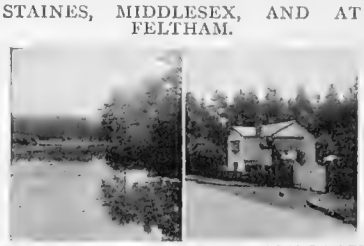
SOUTH DEVON.—To LET, Furnished, for the Winter months or the Hunting Season, charming small RESIDENCE, standing in its own grounds, with gardens, paddock, etc. (about 2½ acres), very comfortable, modern sanitation, warm and sheltered situation, near a good motor road, and 2½ miles from main line station, in the centre of the district hunted by the Dartmoor Foxhounds and Modbury Harriers; very mild and equable climate. Low rental.—Particulars of WILLIAM PEARSE and SON, Land Agents, Modbury, S. Devon.

OVERLOOKING THE ENGLISH CHANNEL

FOR SALE.—Charming MODERN HOUSE (with or without Furniture), containing: lounge hall, drawing, dining, and smoking rooms, 12 bedrooms, servants' apartments; perfect sanitation and lighting; adjoins golf links. The situation is unsurpassed. Inspection invited.—Box S 12, THE BYSTANDER, Tallis Street, E.C.

TO LET.—The "CLOSE," Brailsford (Derby 8 miles, 4½ miles Ashbourne, L. and N. W.), in the Meynell Hunt: 3 reception, 6 bedrooms, dressing rooms, excellent offices; stabling for 4; garden, tennis lawn. Rent, £50.—Apply, E. M. SELLERS and SON, Agents, Ashbourne.

DUDLEY W. HARRIS AND CO.
STAINES, MIDDLESEX, AND AT FELTHAM.



URGENT SALE. MODERATE PRICE.

SURREY AND HANTS BORDERS (under 1 mile station, 33 miles London).—*Thickly planted with pines.* A fine Freehold ESTATE of nearly 20 ACRES. 280ft. above sea, with beautiful lake of over 5 acres, and 1,000ft. frontage to parish road. Entrance gates and lodge have been erected. The land is well above and slopes down to the lake on both sides, affording a magnificent site for a Residence or Residences.—Strongly recommended by DUDLEY W. HARRIS and Co., as above.

TELEPHONE NOS: Gerrard 6852. Yeovil 43.

WILSON & GRAY

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RESTORATION OF OLD-WORLD PLACES.—WILSON and GRAY prepare plans and specifications for the renovation and restoration of old Houses and Mansions at *moderate fees.* WILSON and GRAY have, by careful study and considerable *practical experience*, gained extensive knowledge in this special branch of their business, and if desired they will be pleased to arrange for clients to inspect either work completed or work now in hand. *Owners are respectfully invited to consult Wilson and Gray respecting contemplated improvements.*

THE OLDEST ESTABLISHED AND PRINCIPAL AGENCY FOR

TUDOR, ELIZABETHAN, AND OLD-FASHIONED PROPERTIES of interest for SALE or for LETTING. Furnished or Unfurnished. Owners and Applicants *can obtain expert and reliable information and advice.*

FINE MANSION IN BEAUTIFUL OLD GARDENS AND PARK.

SALISBURY.—To be LET, Furnished, for 1 to 3 years, *one of the finest places in this favourite neighbourhood:* lounge hall 5 reception rooms, 17 bed and dressing rooms, 3 bathrooms, complete offices; *electric light, heating by radiators;* stabling and garage, lodge; magnificent old gardens and park of about 60 acres; trout fishing, shooting, golf. Moderate Rent.—Agents, WILSON and GRAY, 100, Mount Street, London, W.

IMPORTANT HERTS ESTATE.—*Fine Elizabethan MANSION, with superb park and grounds, for SALE.*—*Agents*, WILSON and GRAY, 100, Mount Street, London, W.

£100 PER ANNUM, UNFURNISHED.—CIRENCESTER. — 8 bedrooms, bathroom, 3 reception rooms; stabling; grounds. —Agents, WILSON and GRAY, 100, Mount Street, London, W., and at Yeovil.

£1,600 FREEHOLD. — DORSET (*Blackmore Vale and Lord Portman's country*).—3 *reception rooms, 6 bedrooms, bathroom; stabling; about 11 acres.*—*Agents*, WILSON and GRAY, 100, Mount Street, London, W., and at Yeovil.

£2,500. FREEHOLD.—BERKS (lovely position, 300ft. above sea level). —Delightful HOUSE and exquisite gardens; good stabling and cottage; 5 bedrooms, bathroom, 3 reception rooms.—Agents, WILSON and GRAY, 100, Mount Street, London, W.

£3,500 FREEHOLD. — NEWBURY. —10 bedrooms, bathroom, 4 reception rooms; 13 acres of grandly timbered gardens and parklands. — Agents, WILSON and GRAY, 100, Mount Street, London, W.

CORNISH RIVIERA.

TO BE LET, FURNISHED, UNFURNISHED, or SOLD, charming well-built MODERN RESIDENCE, commanding lovely sea views, and containing: *oak-panelled lounge hall,* dining room, drawing room, billiard room (the last 2 rooms are oak-panelled), conservatory, 7 bed and dressing rooms, bathroom (h. and c.); good water supply; *lighted throughout by petrol gas;* motor-house; well-laid-out grounds.—Personally inspected and recommended by the Agents, WILSON and GRAY, 20, Princes Street, Yeovil. and 100, Mount Street, London, W.

ORPINGTON, ½ an hour from London by fast trains.

BRACING POSITION, 350FT. ABOVE SEA LEVEL. GRAND VIEWS.

£3,000.—**FOR SALE,** a beautifully placed COUNTRY PROPERTY, including picturesque modern House, fitted with all modern improvements and in perfect order: lounge hall, 3 reception rooms, good offices, 7 bedrooms, bathroom; main water; gas; modern drainage; delightful grounds, with tennis and croquet lawns, herbaceous borders, walled kitchen and fruit gardens; golf.—Personally inspected and recommended by the Agents, WILSON and GRAY, 100, Mount Street, London, W.

ONE HOUR SOUTH OF LONDON BY MAIN LINE TRAINS.

Close to Golf Links. Gravel Soil. 300 ft. above Sea Level.

FOR SALE.—A PERFECT ESTATE of nearly 62 acres, comprising a singularly attractive RESIDENCE, right back from the road: lounge hall, 3 reception rooms, ample domestic offices, 13 bedrooms, bathroom; stabling for 5; the gardens are of a most delightful character, and include rose gardens, lawns, rock garden, kitchen garden, and finely timbered parklands. Moderate price for an early sale. — Agents, WILSON and GRAY, 100, Mount Street, Grosvenor Square, W., who recommend from a personal inspection.

CLOSE TO GOLF LINKS AND BOATING.

TO BE LET UNFURNISHED, OR SOLD, a charming modern RESIDENCE, in a good position, and a few minutes' rail of Bath and Bristol. It contains: *lounge hall,* 3 reception rooms, *billiard room,* 8 bedrooms, bathroom; Company's water; telephone; attractive grounds of about 1 acre.—Personally inspected and recommended by WILSON and GRAY, 20, Princes Street, Yeovil.

LOVELY HASLEMERE and HINDHEAD.—A really beautiful HOUSE, facing South, and in a superb position. It contains: 10 bedrooms, bathroom, fine hall, 3 reception rooms, etc.; very charming grounds, gardens of about 10 acres; excellent stabling.—Price and further particulars from the Agents, WILSON and GRAY, 100, Mount Street, London, W.

IN A FAVOURITE PART OF DEVON.—For SALE, a splendid HOUSE and about 16 acres. Accommodation: 9 bedrooms, bathroom, 3 reception rooms, billiard room, etc.; stabling; notably fine gardens and grounds.—Sole Agents, WILSON and GRAY, 100, Mount Street, London, W., and at Yeovil.

NEWMARKET.—1,000 ACRES and excellent HOUSE for SALE, Freehold: stabling, several cottages, etc.—Sole Agents, WILSON and GRAY, 100, Mount Street, London, W.

BEAUTIFUL OLD-WORLD HOUSE and charming surroundings.—£100 PER ANNUM, UNFURNISHED, HATFIELD: 2 reception rooms, bathroom, 5 bedrooms; stabling; delightful gardens, and 2 paddocks.—Sole Agents, WILSON and GRAY, 100, Mount Street, London, W.

IMPORTANT FREEHOLD ESTATE of 600 acres. MENDIP HILLS, SOMERSET.—To be SOLD at a very reasonable price, a perfectly positioned RESIDENCE, enjoying superb views, and standing in a fine park and attractive grounds. The House briefly contains: splendid hall, 5 reception rooms, 16 bedrooms, etc.; stabling; remarkably good shooting.—Inspected and highly recommended by the Sole Agents, WILSON and GRAY, 100, Mount Street, London, W.

£100 PER ANNUM, UNFURNISHED.—WILTS (600 ft. above sea level).—7 bedrooms, bathroom, 3 receptions, billiard room; stabling; cottage; good grounds.—Inspected and recommended by WILSON and GRAY, 100, Mount Street, London, W., and at Yeovil.

£5,500 FREEHOLD, WITH 360 ACRES. —*Capital FARM in Wilts, including nice old Farmhouse. Inclusive price quoted; no valuations.*—*Agents*, WILSON and GRAY, 100, Mount St., London, W., and at Yeovil.

£125 PER ANNUM, UNFURNISHED.—RYE GOLF LINKS (3 miles from). —10 bedrooms, 2 bathrooms, 3 receptions; lodge; cottage; 3 acres.—Agents, WILSON and GRAY, 100, Mount Street, London, W.

ASHDOWN FOREST. — £3,600, FREEHOLD. 90 *ACRES. Capital FARM. Lovely views, 400 ft. above sea level; small Farmhouse.* —*Agents*, WILSON and GRAY, 100, Mount Street, London, W.

BEAUTIFUL CHIDDINGFOLD. — For SALE, Freehold, in this delightful and exclusive part of Surrey, a well-known old-world RESIDENCE: stabling, and fine grounds; banqueting hall, 5 reception rooms, bathroom, 8 bedrooms, etc. —Agents, WILSON and GRAY, 100, Mount Street, London, W.

£2,200 FREEHOLD.—BANBURY (Oxon). *XVIth Century HOUSE, containing 6 bedrooms, bathroom, 3 sitting rooms; stabling, and about 4 acres.*—*Agents*, WILSON and GRAY, 100, Mount Street, London, W.

£2,500 FREEHOLD. — Perfect old MANOR HOUSE, in favourite part of Oxon; stands high, and contains: 9 bedrooms, bathroom, 3 or 4 reception rooms; about 5 acres. The grounds are particularly charming.—Agents, WILSON and GRAY, 100, Mount Street, London, W.

£3,400 FOR A LITTLE SHOW PLACE NEAR TUNBRIDGE WELLS. —The HOUSE stands in perfect gardens, and contains: 8 bedrooms, bathroom, lounge hall, 4 reception rooms; stabling. Freehold.—Agents, WILSON and GRAY, 100, Mount St., London, W.

A RENOWNED FREEHOLD SURREY PROPERTY.
IN A LOVELY RURAL SPOT, BUT WITHIN AN HOUR OF LONDON.
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TO BE SOLD, with or without the beautiful collection of Furniture, a remarkably fine RESIDENCE, standing 400ft. above sea level, and commanding magnificent views, surrounded by lovely gardens, embowered by a delightful park. The accommodation comprises:

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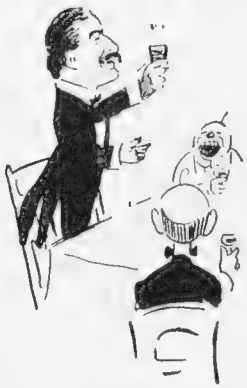

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As I reported fully a month ago, the *mi-longue* coat is carrying all before it. Even the furriers are reluctantly admitting as much, although in some tribulation of spirit, for they were harvesting great wealth under the *régime* of the full-length wrap. Just for the very immediate moment there is a small craze for quite a modest little double-breasted reefer style, the back very closely defining the figure. But this, I am persuaded, will pass quickly, giving place to more *habillée* models, after the style of the original design illustrated.

A Distinctive Blouse

Made of *ninon*. The little vest of satin ornamented with small buttons is a fresh idea

(Sketched by Dorothy Millar)

An Autumnal Rumour

Two distinctive features, already related, are found in the mammoth pockets and rolled-back Byronic collar, while subsidiary items are the deeply cut and trimmed armholes and bold *motif* ornaments of braid. There is rumoured that a great many black cloth tailor-mades will be worn during the autumn, braided in black, and merely relieved by a *soupçon* of colour introduced in the form of embroidery on the collar.

In respect of the lining, I would pause to observe that *foulards* are in first favour, satin-faced for choice. A suit such as that pictured on page 364 looks charming in a delicately toned frieze, such as a pastel-peach shade, *tilleul* or khaki, braided in tone, with a tempering note of black in a velvet facing to the collar, and silk cravat. The cravat, by the way, is once again a most insistent adjunct, and certainly gives a *ton*, besides being in sympathy with the Byronic aspect of the collar.

The hat, too, included by Mrs. Dorothy Millar is eminently right, if not wholly reasonable. But you have the correct silhouette from top to toe, and I am prepared to leave it at that.

A Blouse Design

Blouses become hourly more exigent. They are a subject it is now impossible to treat of in general terms. Each fresh model appears to have some distinctive and individual character all its own, usually inspired by the accompanying coat and skirt.

Viewing the situation in as impartial a spirit as is possible, we come armed with an inspiration that could be variously materialised, employing *ninon* in tone with the gown as the outer veiling. For the underslip there is an embarrassment of choice, from Paisley *viâ foulard* and *charmeuse* to an all-over lace, a fresh touch being imparted by a little vest of satin in harmony with the *ninon*, ornamented with wee buttons.

HAVE YOU ANY SKIN TROUBLE?

Antexema will surely cure you
Why not prove its merits to-day?

OUR message to all skin sufferers consists of four words: "Antexema will cure you." We do not ask the name of your complaint, how long you have been troubled, or what part of your body is affected, for in all cases we can assure you that Antexema will cure. Why are we so confident? Because Antexema has already cured tens of thousands whose cases were worse and more hopeless than yours. Other treatments, doctors, and hospitals had failed, but Antexema succeeded. The moment Antexema was used relief was gained, sleep again became possible, the trouble began to disappear; soon it went away, and has never again come back. Antexema will do as much for you if you give it the chance.

No troubles are so annoying, irritating, and worrying and humiliating as skin ailments. They torment the sufferer by the pain or itching they cause, and if on the face, ears, neck, or hands they are so unsightly that those so afflicted tell us they are ashamed to go out of doors or to meet their friends. Our business is not to remind skin sufferers of these facts, but to show them how to gain immediate relief and complete cure.

The Question for You

Do you personally suffer from any form of skin illness? Have you been to doctors and skin specialists and failed to gain any benefit whatever? Have you tried various so-called remedies and found them utterly useless? If so, remember that Antexema cures every form of skin trouble, whether it be eczema in any of its numerous forms, psoriasis, or any of the slighter ailments of the skin.

Antexema cures all rashes and eruptions of the face and neck

Never neglect your skin illness and thus run risks of worse troubles in the future. If the Antexema treatment is adopted as soon as spots, rashes, redness, and roughness of the skin are observed, in a day or two not a sign remains of anything having been wrong.

Whatever the nature of your skin trouble or the part of your body attacked, Antexema cannot fail to cure. Redness, roughness of the skin, blackheads, pimples, face spots, eczema of every kind, psoriasis, nettlerash, teething rash, barber's rash, eruptions or breakings-out, are all equally amenable to the Antexema treatment. Insect bites, skin irritation, sunburn and scorched skin, which so frequently develop into eczema, are all prevalent skin troubles of summer. Your defence is found in Antexema, and with a bottle of this wonderful remedy at hand you can feel safe and secure.

Antexema cures eczema of the hands, arms, and all skin troubles of the body

The reason Antexema succeeds where all else fails is because it is entirely different from, and superior to, every other preparation. In the first place, Antexema is not an ointment; it is non-greasy, and you do not require bandages with it. As soon as it is applied to the bad place it forms an invisible artificial protective skin which excludes dirt, dust, grit, and the germs of lock-jaw and blood-poisoning. Antexema possesses extraordinary healing virtues, so that the moment it touches the affected part it stops the further progress of the skin illness and takes away all irritation, and skin-tortured children and adults are thus able to get restful sleep as soon as they use Antexema. Antexema also causes new and healthy skin to grow, and in a short time not a sign of the former trouble remains. Nothing but Antexema will do this.

Antexema Will Cure You

Why continue to suffer from skin illness when you can so easily, certainly, and rapidly be cured? Why delay your cure with the certainty that your trouble will get worse and become chronic? Nothing can be more unwise than delay in the treatment of skin illness. Delay gives skin complaints a better opportunity of getting you tightly in their grip. The redness, rash, or pimples of to-day quickly develops into something worse if you do not promptly use Antexema. Put the power of Antexema to cure you to a practical proof. Use Antexema once, and that once will be sufficient to convince you of its extraordinary merits, and it will make you anxious to continue till every sign and vestige of skin illness has left you, never to return.

Every chemist, pharmacist, and store, including Boots', Lewis and Burrow's, Civil Service and Army and Navy Stores, and all cash chemists supply Antexema at 1/1½ and 2/9, or direct post free in plain wrapper 1/3 and 2/9 from the Antexema Company, 83, Castle Road, London, N.W. Also everywhere in Canada, Australia, New Zealand, South Africa, India, every British Dominion, and throughout Europe.

Antexema
CURES EVERY SKIN ILLNESS

Propagating Alpines

The number of plants required to fill even a small border or a small rockery is astonishing, and when only the best and possibly the newest are wanted the cost may be considerable. Fortunately, the majority of such perennials as Alpines spread rapidly—so rapidly that after a time they must be cut back a good deal if all are to have a chance of living—and they may be propagated without any difficulty by means of cuttings, which may be put in now. A frame is not necessary, though, of course, it will hasten matters. Without it, most of the cuttings will root in a few weeks if a shady and sheltered corner is prepared for them and the soil is kept moist. Early in October they may be planted out. In the case of the rockery, one common mistake should be avoided—putting them in shallow pockets. Alpines rarely, if ever, grow in such positions in nature. If they did they would be dried up by the sun in summer, and, if they still survived, frozen hard in winter. They manage to live where they do, comparatively unaffected by extremes of heat and cold, because the roots are able to go down to a great depth, where the variations of temperature are slight, as compared with those at the surface of the ground. As these plants are all quite dwarf—the conditions are unfavourable to growth into the air and away from the ground—it might be supposed that the roots were also short, but if nothing has checked their development, they will be found to be very long. The most suitable position for the plants, therefore, is between two rocks, so that the roots cannot spread, but must, as they extend, go downwards. They are then not likely to be injured by climatic vicissitudes, except damp.

Transplanting Evergreens

A landscape gardener who has had many years' experience declares that he never hesitates to transplant hollies, not by any means the easiest shrub to move satisfactorily, in any month in the year. His method is to dig a deep, broad trench the whole length of the line, nearly fill it with manure, cover with a layer of soil, and plant the hollies on top. The ground, though at first rather higher than the general level, sinks as the manure decays, and into the slight depression water can easily be poured when necessary. For a long time, however, the manure will supply all the moisture required (apart from a soaking after planting), while it will heat sufficiently to promote root-action. Though this method is not always feasible in its entirety, it should be adopted as far as possible, and as September is the best month for transplanting evergreens, preparations should be made now. The trench should be dug and left open so that the soil may be exposed to the air, and the manure should be brought to the spot in readiness for mixing in a week or two later. Also, the soil around the plants to be moved should be made firm and kept moist, so that it may not drop away from the roots. The task will then be greatly simplified. H. C. Davidson.

The Menu: INEXPENSIVE DISHES

Fresh Herrings with Tartar Sauce

Fillet three herrings and place them for some hours in a dish with one spoonful of oil, one of vinegar, pepper and salt, an onion cut in slices, and sprigs of parsley. Turn the herrings once. When ready to cook, roll them in breadcrumbs, broil them, and serve with Tartar sauce.

Tartar Sauce.—Put into a basin one or two shallots, a little chervil and green tarragon, all chopped very small, a large spoonful of French mustard, pepper, salt, and about a tablespoonful of vinegar. Add about two tablespoonfuls of oil very slowly, and stir until the mixture thickens. Serve cold.

Brisket of Beef

Brisket of beef—which can be purchased at 6*d*. a pound—makes an excellent stew. Place the beef in a stewpan, with some carrots, turnips, small onions, and two or three cloves, and cook, but cook slowly, till tender. Potatoes may be cooked with the beef, but they should only be added in time just sufficient to cook them for the dinner-hour. The remains of this dish, minced, will make a shepherd's pie for the following day. If a large piece of brisket has been purchased, cut off a portion, rub salt into it, place in a basin, and cover with a cloth till required. Turn the meat each day. When cooking, put on in cold water, allowing 2lb. two hours to cook.

Hashed Mutton

Cut 1lb. of mutton or lamb from the leg, removing all skin and fat. Break the bones into small pieces, and let them simmer for two hours in one pint of water, until reduced to half a pint. Chop an onion and fry till a golden brown in ½oz. of butter or dripping. Melt ½oz. of butter in a stewpan, and stir in smoothly one tablespoonful of flour till it becomes brown (this is called brown roux). Strain the stock, add the fried onion and thickening, pepper, and salt, and let all simmer for one hour. Now strain the gravy again (to get rid of the onion), put it back into the stewpan, lay in the slices of mutton or lamb, which have been dipped in flour, add a pickled walnut cut up small, a dessertspoonful of red-currant jelly, and a few drops of Parisian essence (the latter should be kept in every household; it costs 8½*d*. a bottle, and is obtainable at any good stores or grocers). Heat through very gently for seven or eight minutes. Garnish with sippets of toast. French beans are an excellent accompaniment to this dish.

Fresh Meat Ball Roasted

One and a half pounds of lean beef, ½lb. of veal, ½lb. of sausage-meat, two eggs, one onion, two slices of bread soaked, salt and pepper. Fresh meat must be used, but the veal can be omitted if desirable. Put all through the mincing-machine, including the onion, then put into a bowl, add bread, seasoning, etc., but be careful to leave no water in the soaked bread. Well mix altogether, add two eggs, leaving about a tablespoonful of beaten egg to brush over the ball when made. When all is well amalgamated, wash hands, and form in a ball, work it well together, and put in a dripping-pan with some good dripping and bake one hour. Serve with tomato sauce or with a thick brown gravy. This is a very appetising and useful dish for a family.

Rabbit with Macaroni

Boil a rabbit until quite tender, take the meat off the bones and cut small; mix with it 2oz. of boiled macaroni, 2oz. of grated cheese, one small onion chopped fine, half a pint of milk, pepper and salt. Mix well, and let all simmer in a saucepan for half an hour, stirring frequently.

Emilia.

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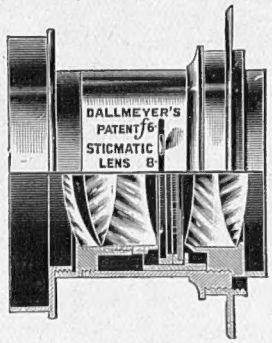

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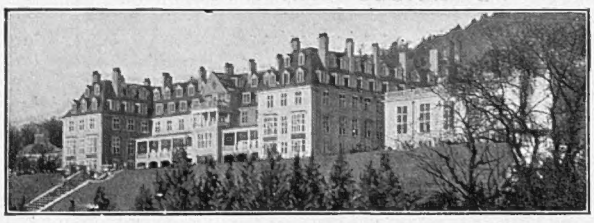

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A. M. THIEM (of the WINDSOR HOTEL, GLASGOW), *Managing Director.*

The Editor's Box

Fifty Years of Progress

Since 1860, the year in which John Henry Dallmeyer began to make telescopes and photographic apparatus, the firm of Dallmeyer have patented many important optical inventions. Dallmeyer Patent Portrait Lenses, which are in use in nearly every studio in the world, have smoothed the path of the professional photographer, and Dallmeyer Rapid Rectilinears, the original R.R. since copied by the hundred thousand, gave serious photography a great step forward. Telephotography, by which mountains fifty and sixty miles away are reproduced as though but five, was rediscovered by Thomas R. Dallmeyer in 1892 and brought to the successful stage by his invention of special lens constructions. Since then new and wonderful telephoto lenses have been designed by the firm. During all these years the welfare of the workmen, on whose skill so much depends, has not been forgotten, so much so that when once a man enters the works he seldom leaves them. The original works were established on a small scale in old Bloomsbury Street, and were retained there for twenty years. Large premises at 25, Newman Street, Oxford Street, were later obtained, and the manufacture continued there for another twenty odd years. Next, fresh premises in the purer air of Neasden, to the north-west of London, were acquired, and a factory equipped with electric power and modern machinery established. Even this new factory has proved too small to keep pace with the Company's orders. An adjacent plot of land three acres in size has, therefore, been acquired, and a new factory with ample space for all departments is about to be erected. It will afford further evidence that British optical skill has nothing to fear from its many foreign competitors.

Another Burberry Innovation

The latest of the famous Haymarket firm's improvements in textile fabrics materialises ideas on which its experimental looms have long been working. So long, indeed, and with such zealous determination to attain perfection before presenting the matured result to the public, that the theory involved, though crudely illustrated, may already be familiar to some sections of the community. The invention is called "Klis," and consists of applying to cloth in the weaving a special treatment which does not alter its external appearance, but endows the texture with wonderful elasticity, so that it expands under the slightest strain. So remarkable is this stretching capacity that a "Klis" cloth stretches from a width of 28in. to 35in. On tension being relaxed, it immediately resumes its normal dimensions, which it never loses, however frequently this expansive property is brought into play. I understand that "Klis" is already represented in full ranges of Cheviot and Saxony tweeds, and that its principles are being applied to other varieties of cloth, thus covering many purposes in which its unique properties of expansion will be of incalculable advantage.

Suburban Attractions

(*With Telephone Numbers*)

BROADWAY, New Cross: *Can a Woman Be Good?* 196 Deptford.

CORONET, Notting Hill: Robertson Comedies. 1273 Ken.

DALSTON: *Floradora.*

FULHAM: *The New Barmaid.* 376 Ken.

KENNINGTON: *Hoodman Blind.* 1003 Hop.

KING'S, Hammersmith: *The King's Romance.* 119 Hammersmith.

MARLBOROUGH, Holloway: *The Naked Truth.* 131 North.

Lyceum Theatre

A White Man continues to draw crowded houses at the Lyceum Theatre. Mr. Herbert Sleath, who plays Jim Carston, is well backed up by a fine cast.

Holidays in Kent and Sussex

Cheap tickets, available for the week-end, eight or fifteen days, one month, etc., are issued during August, September, and October from certain London and suburban stations by the South Eastern and Chatham Railway to Folkestone, Hythe, Canterbury, Birchington, Westgate, Margate, Broadstairs, Ramsgate, Littlestone, Deal, Sandwich, Herne Bay, Dover, St. Margaret's Bay (Martin Mill Station), Tunbridge Wells, Bexhill-on-Sea, Hastings, St. Leonards, Rye, and Winchelsea. For holiday programme containing full particulars of the cheap tickets, application should be made to Vincent W. Hill, S.E. and C. Railway, London Bridge Station, S.E.

Interesting View Competition

The proprietors of Wright's Coal Tar Soap have published a booklet containing thirty-nine views of interesting places—seaside and others. They are offering prizes of £10 10*s.*, £5 5*s.*, and £3 3*s.* for those who correctly name the largest number of views. Each attempt must be accompanied by one outside wrapper of Wright's Coal Tar Soap, which is sold everywhere at 4*d.* per tablet. Copies of the booklet may be had free from all chemists, or will be sent upon application to "Seaside," Proprietors of Wright's Coal Tar Soap, 66-68, Park Street, Southwark, S.E., provided a penny stamp addressed envelope is enclosed.

An Important Innovation

The Silent Electric Clock Company, of 192, Goswell Road, E.C., among many other important orders, have recently secured one from the London and South Western Railway Company to supply an installation of some thirty dials for the new buildings at Waterloo Station. This should be a most useful innovation, as the importance of having sound and uniform time at a railway station cannot be too greatly insisted upon. For instance, everyone knows the annoyance caused by the clock in the waiting-room being slightly different from the platform clock—a missed train may be the result. In future, no such contingency will be possible.

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